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FIGHTING THE DEVIL WITH FIRE—HOW A PARTY OF SELF-CONSTITUTED MORAL REFORMERS CLEANED OUT A BATCH OF BAGNOS; NEAR MOUNT VERNON, KY.—SEE PAGE 2.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1848

RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

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Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

G. H., Lake Badger, D. T.—Will publish it in our next issue.

M. Y., St. Louis, Mo.—Thanks for courtesy; will give the matter attention.

E. L., Galena, Ill.—Yes, if it is authentic; otherwise we do not wish it "free gratis."

G. W. W., Union City, Ind.—Portrait not of sufficient general interest. Will return it.

W. M., Chicago, Ill.—Have the photo and will return it. Check for the amount forwarded.

J. P. M., Bardonia, Ky.—Thanks for the attention, but the item is one of local interest solely.

J. G. F., Philadelphia, Pa.—Thanks for attention. Have reproduced the subjects as received.

M. I. L., Franklin, Pa.—Will give it in our next issue. Arrived too late for this week. Thanks.

F. D., Fort Ringgold, Texas.—Had published the item already. Received from another source.

E. M., Chicago.—We did not publish it for the simple reason that we used it three weeks previous.

W. H., Fort Lincoln, D. T.—Matter has not been received. If not too late send it along, and we will publish it yet.

G. M. G., Cincinnati.—Have not heard from you concerning subject of last letter. Please send matter as requested.

J. G. B., Louisville, Ky.—Article very fair but not in our line. Try us again with something in the actual sensational line.

CORRESPONDENT, Bluffton, Ind.—The matter is not of sufficient general interest to warrant publication. Attention appreciated, however.

G. W. H., Marblehead, Ill.—Matter will be used in our next issue; arrived too late for this. Send us confirmatory clippings to enable us to piece out the account.

W. D. R., Edgefield S. C.—Have published the portrait, for which thanks; if you have anything further in relation to it send it along and we will make use of it.

S. N. N., Chattanooga, Tenn.—Matter already received from another source. Thanks for courteous attention all the same. Will be glad to have the portrait referred to.

CORRESPONDENT, San Francisco.—The matter is interesting enough, but we have already published all the main facts in the case. Will probably reproduce the portrait.

Keno, Asheville, N. C.—Have printed it, thanks; if there are any new developments in the matter send it along, and by all means the portraits of the chief actors, if procurable.

J. M., Omaha, Neb.—Your letter came too late. If you can send us portraits of the parties in question we shall be glad to publish them. Could not reproduce the matter otherwise.

W. G., Newton, Kan.—Have published the item. Can say no more about it at present. If we have an opportunity to use the other matter will do so. Much obliged for the attention.

NEWSDEALERS, Nashville, Tenn.—Sketches and photographs received too late for this issue; will positively appear in our next. Order extra supplies from your news company, or direct from us.

J. B., Plattsburg, Mo.—Have already published a brief account of the affair and will hold yours until you send the portraits promised, which will constitute a complete illustrated history of the matter.

D. W. H., Wilkesville, O.—Are you fool or knave—or both? What possible interest can you suppose such unmitigated bosh to possess for persons of average intelligence, such as the readers of the GAZETTE may safely be assumed to be?

R. E. D., San Francisco.—The portrait and accompanying article will appear in our next. Did not arrive until after our forms were made up for this issue. If you can obtain a portrait of the lady within any reasonable time we should like to have it.

CORRESPONDENT, Newtown, Pa.—Thanks. Glad to hear from you. Remember the other matter alluded to perfectly, and were glad to have it. Hope you will continue to bear us in mind in a similar way. Article sent will appear in our next issue. Arrived a little too late for publication this week.

DETECTIVES MUST LIVE.

From the time when Judas Iscariot, by a piece of clever detective work, "gave away" the Son of Man to the minions of the law who were to cause him to suffer the ignominious death of the cross, "put up" jobs have been only too common among the fraternity styling themselves detectives. The newspapers of the day teem with divorce cases worked up by private detectives, so called, who either manage to inveigle the parties into some snare prepared for them, or, failing in that, are able and willing to manufacture a sufficiently plausible tale out of whole cloth. Until recently, however, the Mr. Iscariot previously mentioned stood distinguished as one who was willing to make a filthy living at the expense of another man's life. We say until recently, because, reverting to the Buzzell-Hanson murder case from time to time fully adverted to in these columns, it seems as if the individuals known as the two "Boston detectives" could safely claim the belt from Judas and probably continue in the proud position of champions of their class for many years to come.

The case referred to may be briefly outlined as follows: Miss Hanson, a maiden lady of thirty-five summers was shot and killed by an unseen assassin while sitting at a table, the murderer firing through a window. Buzzell, against whom Miss Hanson was about to bring a suit for breach of promise, was tried and acquitted. The "two detectives" then got hold of a farm laborer employed by Buzzell, named Charles W. Cook, and him they worked on until they brought him to confess that he had killed Miss Hanson at the instigation of his master. Buzzell was thereupon re-arrested, re-tried and this time convicted, and duly sentenced to be hung. Then the detectives got into trouble with their side partners, the police, and confess that Cook's story is false. Cook, not to be outdone also confesses that his story is untrue and was entirely composed by the detectives, and that it was these gentlemen lay away over Iscariot, who only betrayed his master and before he could go on a spree with the blood-money incontinently went out and hanged himself, which was the best thing he could have done under the circumstances. The "two detectives," however, knew several dodges quite superior to the ancient Hebrews, and if not already elected aldermen of their respective wards are probably lying back until they can conveniently hang a couple of superintendents of police, whose places they are naturally perfectly able to fill.

Meanwhile Buzzell, in spite of many efforts for his release, is hung by the neck until he is dead, when further proceedings of course lose all interest for him; and now, Cook has just been sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment, which is tersely described as the heaviest punishment the law allows—hanging, we presume, being a mere subsidiary affair in New Hampshire.

There are a few points in this case which present considerable food for reflection. It is generally understood that no man can be put in peril twice for the same offense, and yet this is exactly what was done with Buzzell—always supposing that hanging is a perilous operation. Has New Hampshire any special constitution on this subject?

There Buzzell, who was avowedly on all hands merely the accessory before and after the murder, is carefully hung, while Cook, who actually committed the crime, is only sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment!

We have not touched on the subject of Buzzell's guilt or innocence, first, because there is but little practical use in doing so, and, secondly, because the questions still capable of practical agitation are even more interesting.

That there is a reasonable doubt of the unfortunate man's guilt cannot be gainsaid, but that Cook and the detectives have been guilty of villainy unspeakable is certain beyond all question. Supposing Cook to be safely caged for the remainder of his life (he will probably be pardoned out in a dozen years or so), what is to become of the "two detectives"? A state revolving in such laws as New Hampshire possesses can surely find some fitting punishment for them. If hanging is merely a gentle preventative chastisement and imprisonment the severest penalty of the law, is it not possible to take some intermediary course with the famous pair, such as sawing in two, flying alive, bathing in molten lead perfumed with burning oil as a kind of training for future pleasures of a parallel kind or any other little correctional measures of that class. These suggestions are not made in the spirit of levity. The subject is too bitterly cruel for anything but bitterness. For years to come the Buzzell affair cannot fail to be standing stigma on the fair fame of New Hampshire.

OLD FOOLS THE WORST.

The astonishing conspiracy of which Mr. Blair was the victim, almost fatally so, affords another illustration, so often furnished, of the truth of the adage which gives a text for this article. That a man of the world, experienced in its ways and wickedness, such as he must have been, should have fallen into the grasp of such shallow schemer

as the Volkmer is indeed surprising. It may be safely doubted if any young sinner of ordinary intelligence could have been similarly entrapped. But here was a father of a family, a figure in society, priding himself on his social standing and respectability, walking meekly into a trap that the veriest tyro in vice might have avoided, and then giving as his excuse an "errand of charity."

Verily, it would seem that when the average old boy cometh to the wild and riotous metropolis he is so prone to leave his wits behind him that he should perforce be provided with a legal guardian before setting out on his travels in the sinful labyrinth of the great city.

The Diamond Woman Acquitted.

A verdict was reached on the 26th ult. in the trial before Judge Barrett, holding Supreme Court, Circuit, of the suit brought by Edward B. Rogers and John Fay, the Fulton Market fish dealers, against Mary S. Hasey, claimed to be the Mrs. Mary Schoonmaker who, as they charged, acted in collusion with John T. Lynch, the Broadway diamond broker, in swindling them out of \$3,500 in the memorable diamond transaction. The verdict was for the lady defendant. Mrs. Hasey showed an unmistakable pleasure as to the result, bowing and through her tears thanking each juror as the twelve filed out of the jury box.

On the opening of the court Messrs. John D. Townsend and John W. Weed, the counsel for the plaintiff, examined further experts as to the value of the diamonds, and then Colonel Spencer, the defendant's counsel, proceeded with the defense, which was that the plaintiff mistook the defendant for the woman calling herself Mary Schoonmaker, who actually perpetrated the fraud. Counsel called various witnesses to prove an alibi. Dr. Baker testified that at the time of the alleged payment of \$5,000 for the diamonds to Mr. Lynch the defendant was lying ill at 78 East Twelfth street. Mrs. Perkinpiene, of Philadelphia, testified that on March 15 the defendant visited her mother in Philadelphia and attended a performance of "Pinafore" in that city. Mr. Ramsay stated that on that date a woman calling herself Mrs. Schoonmaker called at his residence, 268 West Forty-second street, and he was confident that this woman was not the defendant. Mr. James B. Collins, a retail merchant at the corner of Sixth avenue and Seventeenth street, testified that the defendant had been in his employ, but did not work for him during the month of March. The concluding witness was Mrs. Hasey, who was perfectly ripe poised on the stand and gave her testimony in a clear and straightforward manner. She stated that she was married in 1864 in Philadelphia, and directly afterward came to this city to live; that she had not lived with her husband for the past five years, and that for the most time during the past eighteen months she has been in the employment of Collins. She stated that she never had any diamond transactions with any person, and on the 11th of March last she was ill from an abscess, which Dr. Baker lanced, and on March 15 she had sufficiently recovered to go to Philadelphia, and on the night of St. Patrick's Day went to the theatre in that city. An attempt was made by the plaintiff's lawyers to discredit the testimony of Mrs. Perkinpiene, but the testimony was excluded. In the course of his charge to the jury Judge Barrett stated that an alibi was entitled to the same respect from a jury as any other defense, although frequently it was resorted to by the guilty on account of the difficulty of meeting it. The entire question with them, he said, was whether they believed the alibi had been proved. The jury was out only half an hour.

A Buried Treasure Romance.

BIG SPRING, W. Va., Nov. 24.—On the 5th of this month two men called at the residence of Mr. William G. Sharp. After dinner they engaged lodging for a few days. Mr. W. Ray Hatton, the elder, said they wished to find a blue grass farm which suited them. J. Q. Davis, the other said that city life and sedentary habits had weakened his constitution, and that his cousin, Mr. Davis, had persuaded him to try country life.

Two days were spent by the gentlemen in rambling over the section known as the Tallow Knob. They departed about daybreak on the morning of the 3d, as they had on the two previous days. About 2 o'clock Mr. Hatton came in very muddy, with his clothes torn and out of order, saying he had been exploring a cave, and his cousin was tired and awaiting the horse and buggy to take him over to Mr. Landin's. He collected his baggage while the vehicle was arranged. After dressing and washing himself he paid his bill and departed. Nothing more was thought of the matter until some men who had been engaged at a threshing passing near the mouth of the cave smelled a terrible stench. Mr. Sharp and a son of Mr. Landin were in the crowd, and Mr. Sharp jestingly "wondered if that could be Mr. Davis." Some of them called for an explanation, and Mr. Sharp said to John Landin, "Why, he was one of the gentlemen who called at your house last Saturday." Mr. Landin said no one was there at all. Then they talked of the curious acting of Hatton, and concluded to explore the cave. Lights were procured, and after a search a body was found which Mr. Sharp identified as Mr. Davis. This was about 5 o'clock on the 13th.

Coroner Ludbetter soon had a jury impanelled, which decided that the deceased came to his death from a bludgeon in the hands of an unknown party. Near the corpse was a broken lantern. In the pockets were found some letters addressed to John L. Stone, Pittsburg, Pa., a fine pocket compass, a clasped book containing a full and complete map of the state, with the water courses from the Greenbrier to the mouth of the Monongahela marked, also a red line was straced through Upshur county, by the head of the Valley River to a point marked "Cave," near Big Spring. Notes on the fly-leaf of the book spoke of gold being buried a certain distance from an X on a limestone. While part of the jury went outside to

prepare a bier others took the lights and proceeded to follow the directions in the note-book: "Cross the pond of water from the west to a water-worn shelf; thence north 53 west 8 feet to a limestone marked X; thence south 37 west 20 feet to the crevice." After crossing the pond fresh tracks on the floor led the way. At the crevice was found an old, battered four-gallon kettle, which examination showed had held coin. The kettle had been about half full of coin, about the size of fifty-cent pieces.

The letters proved that Mr. Stone (or Davis) must have been a bachelor in easy circumstances. One of the memoranda speaks of about \$2,000 deposited in a Pittsburg bank.

Mr. Stone was buried near the mouth of the cave.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portraits.]

We present this week a notable addition to our gallery of stage celebrities in giving handsome and speaking likenesses of two ladies who figure as acknowledged ornaments of the stage of their respective countries, Mlle. Delaquis, of the Bouffes Parisiens, and Miss Connelly, now playing in the highly successful spectacular play of "Enchantment" at Niblo's. Of the latter lady it is unnecessary to speak at length, as her performance in the play alluded to has rendered her name familiar to metropolitan theatre goers, as well as to the throng of visitors whom such a piece is sure to attract from all quarters when produced in the style which has rendered the run of "Enchantment" one of the dramatic events of our day.

As to Mlle. Delaquis it may not be without interest to state in this place that it is rumored that there is a strong probability that we shall, before the present season is concluded, have an opportunity of enjoying her performance of opera bouffe, in which her vivacity, dramatic talent and sweet voice has elevated her to a position second to but few of the merry sisterhood of the Parisian stage who have preceded her in this country.

Giles Walker, a Brutal Negro Rapist.

[With Portrait.]

Giles Walker, whose portrait is elsewhere given, is a type of the brutal Southern negro, whose passions are liable, when not held in check by fear of personal harm, to break out on any favoring opportunity into the perpetration of the hideous crimes that have become characteristic of the race since released from the restraints of slavery. The subject of this article was known as a good-natured and harmless semi-brute, who, with a talent for the species of musical and terpsichorean performance almost native to the Southern negro, was quite a favorite among his superiors, as well as among his fellows. On all sides he was looked upon as a harmless and well-meaning fellow, though of a very low grade of intelligence. Nevertheless, the fellow had sufficient of the demon about him to lead a gang of fellow Africans in a dastardly attack upon a Miss Susan Doon, a respectable white maiden lady, living near Edgefield, S. C. whose house they broke into and whom they assaulted with fiendish intent, which was only frustrated by the unusual strength and courage of the intended victim. Walker was arrested subsequently, and imputed drunkenness as the impulse of his brutality. He narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of the incensed people.

The Brown Brothers.

[With Portraits.]

On another page we give authentic portraits of George and Andrew Brown, who were executed in Denton, Texas, on Nov. 21st, for the murder of Doc McClain, in Montague county, in that state, on May 1, 1876. The murder was one of unusual atrocity and altogether defenseless. The Brown boys, in company with two others, laid in ambush for their victim and murdered him in a most cowardly manner. The act excited the bitterest animosity against the murderers, and some difficulty was experienced in obtaining a trial, the result of which was generally acquiesced in, though strenuous efforts were made to set it aside. A full account of the crime, as well as of its expiation, has already been published in our columns. The brothers met their fate with perfect equanimity, and professed to be highly penitent for their crimes and secure of pardon.

Fighting the Devil with Fire.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Near Mount Vernon, Ky., is a locality known as the Flatwood, where a number of women of disreputable character have fixed their abode. Here they held such a high carnival of sin that the neighbors became scandalized by their doings to such an extent that it became at last a matter of serious importance to get them out of the vicinity. To this end several means were tried without avail. At last a committee was organized, who took the radical plan of setting fire to the bagnios, and, as the inmates rushed out in their dishabille, they were seized by the vigilants and soundly thrashed before being released. At last accounts none of them have returned.

A Texas Tragedy.

WACO, Tex., Dec. 1.—Last night, in the country near this place, where a dance was in progress, Bud Wood invited Miss Grace Stanfield to dance, which she declined. Wood became angry and demanded that the dance cease, and, following one Will Currie into a back room, provoked a fight. Currie knocked him down with a pair of tongues. The two men afterward met outside and fought a duel with pistols a dozen shots being exchanged. Currie was wounded in the hand, a bystander in the leg and George Wood was shot in the thigh. Bud Wood then went to where Miss Stanfield was engaged in conversation with Albert Choeh, and made two attempts to shoot her. He then remarked to Choeh, "You are a friend of Currie," and shot him dead, and, going up to Currie, knocked him senseless with his pistol. Wood then made good his escape.

ASTOUNDING CONSPIRACY.

A Diabolical Plot to Rob and Murder a Reputable Merchant of a Neighboring Town.

HOW IT WAS FOILED.

One of the Women Conspirators Weakens at the Critical Moment and Gives the Thing Away.

A COLD-BLOODED CLIQUE.

[With Illustrations and Portraits.]

Mrs. Mary Ann Connolly, a stout Irishwoman, entered the Tenth precinct station house, in Eldridge street, early on the morning of the 27th and told the sergeant, while she gasped for breath, that a murder had been committed, or at least attempted, at 114 Essex street. In answer to questions she further said that Joseph and Mary Volkmer, living there in apartments, had on the previous night poisoned a guest of theirs named Charles Blair, a business man well known and doing an extensive business in Chatham Four Corners, this state. Cross-examined by Captain Allaire, the woman did not waver in her statements, and Detectives Wade and Hess were instructed to accompany her at once to the house and investigate the story. The woman led them into the apartments of Volkmers, which consist of a bedroom and kitchen. The man and woman whom Mrs. Connolly accused of the attempt at murder were in the kitchen. Pointing at them she

REITERATED HER CHARGE.

The Volkmers looked astonished and said that there was no truth at all in her charges. They were put under arrest and a search was made for Blair. While they looked for him he entered. The story of the Irish woman was told him to his amazement, and he then admitted that on the previous day and night he had drunk beer in the house and soon after experienced pains in the head, became sick at the stomach and had been vomiting violently all through the night. He searched his pockets to see if any money had been stolen from them, but found that all his bills were safe in his pocketbook. He stated that he still felt quite weak at the stomach and in the knees. He, the Volkmers and Mrs. Connolly were taken to the station house and thence to the Essex Market court. On the way to the latter, as well as while in the station house, Blair was not at all anxious to prosecute the parties, on the ground that, even if an attempt had been made to poison him, it had not succeeded, and he did not wish to have the affair made public. The prisoners were arraigned before Justice Duffy, who, at the request of the police, remanded them for further examination and put Blair and Mrs. Connolly also

IN CHARGE OF THE DETECTIVES.

The statements made in court were to the effect that Blair had known Mrs. Volkmer about five weeks, that he visited her on Wednesday, the 26th, at her rooms and was given several powerful doses of morphine with the intention of poisoning him to get possession of a large sum of money which he was supposed to have about him.

When asked their ages the man said that he was forty and the woman that she was thirty-five. Mrs. Connolly is hearty and talkative. A large scar is prominent on her forehead, from which the hair is brushed back and worn in the plainest manner. In a loud, quick, nervous tone she told the following story: "I have no family. Some little time ago I separated from my husband, who is a glazier. Mary Volkmer and myself have been acquainted about five weeks. She came to my house and I occasionally went to hers. When my husband left me owing to a quarrel, I went to live with the Volkmers. I have been with them for four weeks. In October last Mary and I took a steamboat to Boston, where we intended to call on a friend.

BLAIR WAS ONE OF THE PASSENGERS.

Mary and he became acquainted and she introduced me to him. They were quite intimate. I kept at a distance generally, though sometimes I would go into his room and sit there talking for a little while with them. Before she parted from him she gave him her address and he gave her his. He promised to call on us when he came to New York, and was quite free in spending money. Mary told Volkmer of what had occurred. He said Blair called on him a few days after meeting us on the boat, and spoke of having a large sum of money about him. About \$2,000, I think. Volkmer and Mary then agreed that when he visited them again they would blackmail him. The Volkmers are only nominally man and wife. He has a wife and children in Europe and a certificate here of the marriage. He has been living with Mary Volkmer about two years. Neither of them have any business. He professes to be a fortune teller, and in the summer time goes to Coney Island, lives in one of the huts there, stains his face and together with his wife passes himself off as a gypsy and makes a good deal of money. The plan of blackmail was as follows: Mary Volkmer was to send word to Blair to pay her a visit.

SHE WAS TO CONTINUE HER INTIMACY WITH HIM.

Volkmer would find them out and pretend to be very angry, but the matter was to be made up by my appearance with the certificate showing that I was Volkmer's wife. Blair would be made to pay heavily to keep the matter quiet. We expected to make a good share out of the old man and were to divide the money in three equal parts. We heard word Wednesday, the 26th, that Blair would arrive that morning. We all went to meet him, but waited at the landing place of the Albany instead of the Boston boat.

Later in the day he came to the house in Essex street. Volkmer, as soon as he heard him coming, went under the bed. Blair spent some time in the

room. Then Mary took me aside and said: "Get him outside until Joseph can escape." I did so. We then persuaded Blair that Volkmer had deserted his wife. Blair was very sorry he said to hear that. Mary then told him of numerous acts of cruelty Volkmer had been guilty of. The arrangement we had entered into was that she and Blair were to be found in the room by Volkmer and the money was then to be wrung from the visitor. When all was ready Mary was to put a piece of coal outside for a signal. Volkmer would tell Blair that he would bring an officer and have him arrested.

BUT THE PLAN DID NOT WORK.

Volkmer told me so. He said, "We must get some stuff to dose him." I asked him why. He said, "He bought \$2,000 worth of cotton when in this city last. He must have plenty of money about him now. We will have to get it from him one way or another." He then gave me—although I strongly opposed his doing so—a five dollar bill and written directions for a mixture. I went to a druggist's in Division street and obtained the stuff, which I was told was morphine. When I came back Volkmer said to me, "You do it." I cried out, "Good God! no; I'll not agree to that." He said, "You can put it in anything." I answered that I would not do so. I hurried around with the bottle to a doctor in Second avenue, near First street, and asked him if it was wrong. He looked at me and said, "What do you want with it?" I told him I had bought it for myself. "Why," he said, "there's enough there to kill two or three men." Volkmer was very angry at me. He said, "I've spent \$5 for the morphine, and now you refuse to give it to him. Why, if he died I could throw him out in the street and let the police find him there. I said, 'Before my God I never can; I swear I'll not have a hand in this.' Then he said, 'Well, by God, he don't go away from here.' Volkmer then showed himself to Blair. His wife spoke to him as if he had been absent some time, and asked where his money was. He said he had \$100 in his pocket to buy beer. He made believe that he was a lager beer saloon keeper. Then some beer was brought in. Into this the morphine, it was arranged, was to be poured. A smaller glass than the others, with a red mark around the bottom, was

PUT ASIDE FOR BLAIR'S USE.

Nobody else touched it. Blair drank about five glasses of beer. The last three were heavily dosed. When he swallowed two he complained of feeling weak and sick at his stomach. He only tasted the third glass. It was then 9:30, Wednesday night. Fifteen minutes afterward he was quite sick. He and Volkmer and Mary then went to bed. My bed was in the kitchen. Blair became very drowsy. I heard Mary say to Volkmer, in German, that if Blair died they would lay the blame on me. I thought over this all night. Blair spoke of having an awful headache. He seemed to suffer intense pain. He threw up a number of times. In the belief that he was poisoned and would die, I arose early and told the police all about it."

Mary Volkmer was arrested on the 4th of last April by Detective Hess, of the Tenth precinct, for shoplifting in Ridley's store in Grand street. She was given six months. She then said that her name was Mary Miller. Joseph Volkmer, the police say, has been arrested a number of times. He was arrested a short time since on a charge of burglary, but it could not be proved against him. He owns a fortune telling machine in Essex Market place.

Blair felt much better on the 27th, when he gave the following account of the affair: "I met Mrs. Volkmer and Mrs. Connolly on the 4th of October last on a Boston boat. They came over and spoke to me while I was reading a paper. I was in this city some days later and saw Volkmer. The only other time I ever saw him was yesterday. A few days ago I received a letter from his wife informing me that he had deserted her, that she was very poor and would like a little assistance. I visited her to see what I could do for her. She told me a long

STORY OF THE WRONGS DONE HER.

At the same time, as I am told, he was under the bed. I went out to purchase some groceries, and when I came back he was there. Mrs. Volkmer talked to him as if he had been absent some time. I drank five glasses of beer altogether yesterday. I noticed that the glass I drank out of was smaller than the others and marked. The beer tasted strangely, but I did not notice it much at the time. I drank two glasses about 9:30 at night; then tasted but refused to drink the third. Shortly after I was seized with intense headache. I became qualmsy and vomited three or four times. The last time was about 4:30 in the morning and left a terrible bitter taste. I then slept. Previous to that I had not closed my eyes. The detectives then came, and I told them about my sickness."

The detectives visited the premises in Essex street and made a thorough search in the hope of finding the bottle which contained the morphine. Blair is a married man and said to be quite well off.

Unfettered by Faith.

QUINCY, Ill., Nov. 28.—Quite a number of weddings took place here yesterday, one of which has created a stir, especially in Jewish circles, the fair bride having eloped with a man not of the faith. The facts are that young Mr. Linnville, the son of Judge Linnville, banker at Edina, Mo., captured the heart of Miss Bertie Snyder, the beautiful, accomplished and vivacious daughter of a very prominent Hebrew of Lagrange, Mo. Bertie loved, and told her parents a year ago that she would marry Linnville. They at once sent her away to visit friends at Carrollton, hoping that she might relent, as they are bitterly opposed to her marrying a Christian. At any rate no objection has been made against Linnville. Absence evidently did not help the matter, for yesterday the parties met here, were married, and have gone to Edina, where the young man is in business.

An Italian brigand, notorious for robbery and murder, emigrated to Buenos Ayres many years ago, and now resides there in a sumptuous villa, lavishing large sums to the poor.

MUTINY AT SEA.

Thrilling Adventure of a Captain and His Daughter With a Crew of Rebellious Cut-Throats.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 28.—Something over two weeks ago a brief dispatch from Key West to the Associated Press announced the arrival at that port of the British bark George S. Barry, Captain Howard in command, several days out from Pensacola, bound for Montevideo, with her crew in a state of mutiny and her captain badly cut by the mutineers. The dispatch further stated that the captain's life was saved and the mutiny quelled by his daughter.

From a passenger per steamship Chase from Key West a representative of the Times yesterday obtained additional particulars of the affair.

The George S. Barry hails from Halifax, and was bound on the 3rd inst. from Pensacola to Montevideo. In the night of that day, being somewhere off the southwest coast of Florida, the mutiny took place. The captain's watch continued until eight bells, mid night, and at that hour, while expecting every moment to be relieved by the first mate, the bell was rung. The man forward now came aft to relieve the man at the wheel, and as he passed the captain he drew a long knife and

PLUNGED IT INTO THE CAPTAIN'S NECK.

The captain turned quickly and seized the man by the collar. Twisting his fingers around the shirt-band, he pulled the man's head down under his left arm, and giving him a heavy blow with his right fist laid the mutineer out senseless upon the deck. At this point, just as the captain was about to turn away to see about getting his profusely bleeding wound attended to, the man at the wheel came forward and rushed upon him. This man was armed with a marlin spike, and rapped the captain several times on the head and on different parts of his body.

Then he drew a knife and began to stab the bewildered officer. By this time the other sailor recovered from the blow he had received and advanced again upon his commander.

The fight now became a butchery, and the men out the poor man relentlessly. The captain's daughter, in the meanwhile, awakened by the scuffling on deck, heard her parent cry to her

TO BRING HIS PISTOLS.

Springing from her bunk, she seized the weapons, small silver-mounted revolvers, and ran quickly upon deck.

Holding one of the pistols by the muzzle, she placed the cold steel to the head of the wheelman and cried: "Leave off, or I'll blow your brains out!" At the same time she slipped the other pistol into her father's hand. The wheelman dropped his knife and ran forward. The captain opened fire upon the assailant and put him to flight. As the men retreated he sent five messengers of death after the villains.

The men went to the boat on the port side of the vessel and attempted to lower it. The captain staggered forward and drove them away, though he could not prevent the boat from falling into the water. Successful so far, the loss of blood told upon the gallant captain, and he fell almost lifeless upon the deck. His daughter dragged him to his cabin and did what she could to

STOP THE FLOW OF BLOOD.

The captain was cut in thirteen different places. The worst wounds were in the neck and chest. His arms were lacerated and his legs slit in several places. His left cheek was laid open, and the muscle governing the action of the eyes cut. In fact, poor Captain Howard was all but used up.

When daylight came the ship passed close to Dry Tortugas, and the captain had the flag hoisted, union down, as a sign of distress. The light-house keeper put off in a boat and came alongside. When he learned what was the matter he was afraid to come aboard. He immediately rowed to the fort, however, and got the corporal and one soldier who have charge of that post, and the three, heavily armed, boarded the vessel. Under the captain's orders they arrested the two mutineers and put them in irons.

The ship then sailed to Key West, and the mutineers were brought before the British Consul. By the latter they were remanded to the United States Commissioner, in whose charge they now are, awaiting the demand of the Canadian Government.

GOLDEN'S GOOD LUCK.

How He Came Out Clear in Spite of a Marvelous Conspiracy to Effect His Ruin.

FREERHOLD, N. J., Nov. 28.—Two years ago perhaps no happier man existed in Monmouth county than Peter S. Golden. He lived near the picturesque town of Red Bank, where he owned a well-stocked farm of many acres, besides numerous parcels of estate through the county. His age was fifty or so. He had married early in his youth, and at the time mentioned his family consisted of his wife, two grown-up daughters and a son, the latter being married. It is said that the married life of Golden and his wife for thirty years had been a very happy one. Beginning married life in 1848 upon a little farm, which came to Golden by inheritance, by good management he became one of the richest and most respected residents of the county. Two years ago Golden's son married, and the old gentleman believing that he should give his son a start in life, as his father had given him, deeded a piece of land to him. Golden senior has a mother-in-law, and it is said the old lady disapproved of the landed gift of Golden to his son, declaring that the father was depriving his daughters of their rights. The mother-in-law enlisted the sympathies of Mrs. Golden in the matter, and Golden's long era of

HAPPINESS NOW BECAME CLOUDED.

It is said he quarreled with the mother-in-law and once ejected her from the house. Mrs. Golden, siding with the mother, took up her abode with her parents, and refused to return to her home, in spite

of Golden's importunities. Golden, finding his wife would not return, made an agreement with her for a separation, deeding to her a house and valuable piece of property near Matawan. Her daughters remained at home and kept house for their father.

Mrs. Golden, soon after separating from her husband, heard rumors of his paying attention to other women, and after a while she was told that he was keeping company with and supporting a disreputable woman in New York. Her informant, it is said, was Robert H. Drake, a hotel keeper at Matawan. Mrs. Golden then, it is stated, employed Drake to play detective on Golden and trace out evidence of his unfaithfulness.

On Thanksgiving night a year ago Farmer Golden came to Matawan, and at Drake's Hotel met a man named Samuel N. Knapp, a well-to-do man of the place. Golden was well acquainted with Drake, but unaware that he was playing detective upon him. With Knapp he was slightly acquainted. The three men drank several times together, when Knapp proposed that they go to New York and "have a night's fun," as they called it. Golden at first declined, but Drake, joining with Knapp's persuasions, Golden finally consented, and the trio took the evening train to the city. Arriving in New York the men went to a Washington street restaurant and had supper. Drake then proposed that Golden and Knapp should accompany him uptown, where he said he

HAD A "COUSIN" MATTIE LIVING.

"Yes," responded Knapp, "let us go up and give Mattie a benefit." Golden declined to go anywhere, as he had no funds. Knapp thrust \$50 into Golden's hands and told him to come along. A cab was hailed, and the three were driven to Cousin Mattie's, which proved to be an establishment well known to the police of one of the central precincts. Golden was pilled with liquor and made stupidly drunk.

As Golden and Knapp were leaving the house after their night's carousal they were met on the stoop by Drake, who had apparently left before them, and a man named Boyle. Knapp, Drake and Golden took the morning train for home, Golden exacting a promise from his companions that they say nothing about their night's exploit.

A few weeks afterward Golden was served with a notice that his wife would begin an action for divorce on the ground of adultery. The case came before the Chancellor, the wife charging that Golden had visited a house of ill-fame in New York, kept by one Mattie Wilson, and there committed adultery with an inmate named Mary Jones. This charge was supported by the testimony of Knapp and Drake, and Golden putting in no answer, a decree of absolute

DIVORCE WAS ENTERED AGAINST HIM.

Golden then saw the plot which was laid for him, and, consulting the Public Prosecutor, laid bare the part which "Detective" Drake and Citizen Knapp played in the matter. Prosecutor Lanning brought the attention of the Grand Jury to the case, and they brought in indictments for conspiracy against Knapp and Drake. In May last both men were placed on trial, the Prosecutor fighting the case single-handed, while the most eminent counsel in the state defended the conspirators. It was the first instance of a trial of the kind in the county, and the standing of the parties in the community gave it unusual interest. The selection of the jury took up a days time, and the trial lasted three more days, resulting in finding a verdict of guilty against Knapp and Drake. The defendants were then remanded by Judge Scudder for sentence.

In the meantime the counsel for defendants had the case stayed on a writ of certiorari, and it was brought before the Supreme Court for argument Knapp and Drake being released on heavy bail. On Monday, Nov. 17, the Supreme Court handed down a decision affirming the binding of the lower court. The following day Judge Walling, Judge of the County Court, ordered that the defendants appear in court on the 26th inst. to have

SENTENCE PASSED UPON THEM.

When the defendants were brought before the bar on Tuesday last to receive sentence the court-house was crowded to excess. Knapp and Drake looked pale as they arranged themselves beside their counsel. The penalty by statute could be three years' imprisonment, or not more than \$1,000 fine, or both. Judge Walling, in passing sentence, alluded to the standing of both defendants in the community, and then sentenced Knapp to pay a fine of \$500 and Drake a fine of \$300, and both to share costs of trial and appeal. Although the sentence is considered a merciful one, it is a heavy one to the conspirators, the costs of trial exceeding \$2,000.

Golden has begun suit for the setting aside of the Chancellor's decree of divorce on the ground of conspiracy, and it is said the wife, who was ignorant of the base plot by which evidence was secured against her husband, joins him in the petition.

Shooting Affray Between Women.

[Subject of Illustration.]

HOUSTON, Tex., Nov. 27.—A sensation shooting scrape occurred yesterday, which brings to the surface a social scandal. It seems that Mrs. W. L. Bullock, wife of a fireman on the railroad, has suspected intimacy between her husband and a handsome young white servant girl named Julia Seals, aged nineteen, engaged in the family of a well-known citizen, John Van Sickle. Mrs. Bullock, who is aged thirty-five, had warned Miss Seals of the consequences if she persisted in receiving the attentions of Bullock. This morning Mrs. Bullock, armed with a pistol, went to Van Sickle's house, called on Miss Seals and asked her why she persisted in taking her husband away from her. The girl replied she could not make Bullock stay away. Mrs. Bullock then observed her own wedding ring on the girl's finger, she admitting he had given it to her. At that moment some one inside the house called to her to beware. Then Mrs. Bullock pulling the pistol took aim at Miss Seals' head and fired. The ball struck her in the cheek, breaking the jaw and tearing her face to pieces, but not fatally wounding her. Mrs. Bullock was arrested and put under bond. Mrs. Bullock says her husband admitted to her his intimacy with Miss Seals.

Abduction of a School Girl.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., Nov. 27.—The town of New Providence, Clark county, twenty miles north of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago railroad, is all torn up in consequence of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Miss Emma Wilson, daughter of Dr. J. F. Wilson, who resides a mile and a half southwest of that place. Miss Wilson disappeared on Monday night, and when the fact was made known in the village the people turned out en masse to hunt for her. The woods were scoured until daylight Tuesday, and a new force kept up the search until that night, but proved in vain. No trace of the missing girl could be found.

The facts in the case, as a correspondent learns from a gentleman in New Providence, are about as follows: Miss Wilson had been attending school, and a young man named Brown, who attends the same school, had been paying her considerable attention. Dr. Wilson objected to these attentions, and on the evening of the disappearance gave her a sharp reprimand. Shortly afterward the girl went out to bring in some wood, and returned as her father supposed, for another armful, but not returning search was made for her. Since that time no trace of her has been discovered.

She left her home without bonnet or hat, wearing a calico dress. The first supposition was that the girl had committed suicide, but now it is supposed that she has been abducted, and is hidden



MRS. GOSLIN, REPUTED WIFE OF LAGRAVE AND COMPANION IN HIS FLIGHT—ALFRED EUGENE LAGRAVE, THE FRANCO-AMERICAN SWINDLER, ARRESTED BY MOONEY AND BOLAND.

An Officer Murdered by a Negro.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Nov. 27.—Some weeks ago a negro named Peter Leach, charged with murder, escaped from the Robeson County Jail. This morning the sheriff of the county learned that Leach was in the vicinity of Red Bank, and sent a deputy named Cole to arrest him. It was known that the negro was a desperate character, and the sheriff armed his deputy with a sixteen-shooter rifle, captured from the famous Henry Berry Lowery, of outlaw notoriety. Cole went to Red Bank, and had no difficulty in ascertaining the whereabouts of his man. He was warned of the danger of making the arrest, but being so well armed he felt no uneasiness. The negro was approached, and the capias read to him.

He heard it partially and then coolly replied: "Do you suppose I'm going to allow such a man as you to arrest me?" Almost before he finished the sentence he drew a pistol and shot Cole dead in his tracks, the ball passing through his skull. Not satisfied with this he stepped on the prostrate body of the man and fired another shot into his breast. He then coolly walked away. The terrible tragedy was enacted in the presence of three or four other men. No attempt was made to arrest Leach. As he went away he still held the weapon in his hand, and no one dared approach him. Leach belongs to that desperate class of half-breeds that have been such a



JOSEPH VOLKMER, REPUTED PRINCIPAL IN THE CONSPIRACY.



MARY VOLKMER, THE ALLEGED PRINCIPAL.



MARY ANN CONNELLY, EXPOSER OF THE PLOT.



CHARLES BLAIR, OF CHATHAM FOUR CORNERS, THE INTENDED VICTIM.

THE BLAIR POISONING CONSPIRACY; NEW YORK CITY.—[SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE GAZETTE.—SEE PAGE 3.]

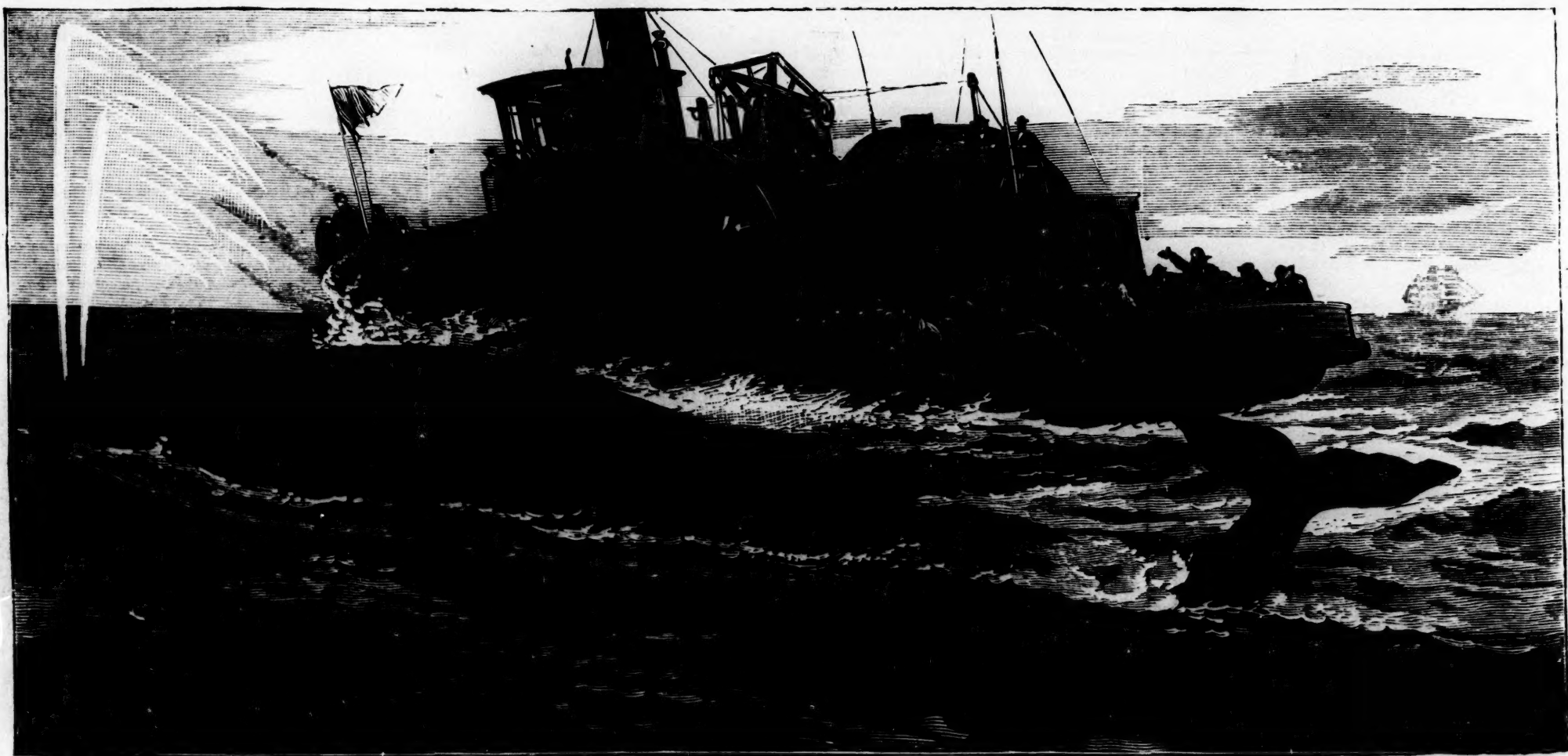
somewhere in the neighborhood by parties interested. The young man Brown denies knowing anything of the whereabouts of the girl. Miss Wilson is described as rather spare built, black hair and eyes, and very handsome. She stood high in the community, and

always enjoyed the reputation of being a modest and unassuming girl. These facts lead the friends to believe that she has not disappeared of her own volition, but has been abducted by some designing person.

A brakeman on the New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad was frightened nearly into spasms, the other night, by what he said was a ghost, near Sterling Junction, the spot where a brakeman named Fitz was killed recently.

terror to the people of that region in past years.

Near Oakland, Ky., on Sunday, 23rd ult., George Benson stabbed his quarrelsome neighbor, Henry Beckham. He died on the 26th. Benson is in jail.



COLLIDING WITH A LEVIATHAN—THE FISHING BOAT WM. FLETCHER, ON A THANKSGIVING EXCURSION, RUNS INTO AN IMMENSE WHALE AND NARROWLY ESCAPES DESTRUCTION, IN LOWER NEW YORK BAY.—SEE PAGE 10.

A Plot and Counter Plot.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Nov. 27.—A curious story is told in connection with the robbery of the store of Mr. A. Townsend at Fishkill some days ago, when \$2,000 worth of goods were stolen. It seems that Mr. Townsend received a letter postmarked Jersey City, N. J., saying that the writer knew where the goods were, and could get them for Mr. Townsend. The only remuneration the writer said he desired was the promise from Mr. Townsend that he would, after getting the goods and the evidence that the writer would furnish to convict the thieves, he (Townsend) would prosecute them to the full extent of the law. The writer said that the revenge he wanted was for some alleged wrong they had done to him. He signed himself "John Hunt," and begged that Mr. Townsend would communicate with him. This Mr. Townsend did, and other

LETTERS THEN PASSED BETWEEN THEM.

Mr. Townsend's first epistle was couched in non-committal language, and to it a reply was received appointing a meeting at the hotel of Smith & McNeill, New York. Mr. Townsend, with a view, no doubt, of entrapping his man, was on hand promptly at the time and place mentioned. Hunt failed to appear, but in subsequent correspondence he said he misunderstood the date. Another day was then appointed, and Mr. Townsend took his second trip to New York. He found Hunt this time, who, he says, is a shrewd, sharp individual. Hunt told Mr. Townsend that the goods were at a "fence" kept by a friend of his, who was under obligations to him, and from whom he could easily get them, and would if Mr. Townsend would promise to push the prosecution of the thieves to the full extent of the law. He insisted that no detectives should be mixed up in the business at all. Hunt proved that he knew about the burglary by describing the store and the goods taken, and narrating little incidents connected with the robbery. Another meeting was arranged, at which Hunt was to produce the goods, and if Mr. Townsend was satisfied that they were his he was to pay \$250 to Hunt, which amount Hunt said his friend, the "fence," had advanced on the goods. At this meeting Hunt failed to produce the goods. After an extended talk Mr. Townsend let Hunt

GO AFTER THE STOLEN GOODS.

Once more Hunt did not produce them. Townsend then began to lose confidence in Hunt, who said the goods were at the up-town place of his friend, the "fence," and suggested that they go after them together. Then, after examination and payment of the money advanced, the plot could be laid to capture the thieves. Mr. Townsend suggested that Hunt bring the goods to some hotel near by. This was agreed to, and the two started out, journeying through the slums of the east side of New York on their way to the "fence." Hunt frequently invited Townsend to have "something hot" as they walked along, but the latter each time refused. Approaching the place, Townsend remained behind, and Hunt, who went on, soon returned with a black satchel, which he said contained the articles, and which he insisted on carrying himself.

Although Hunt had possession of the bag he refused to return to the hotel or go into a corner drug store to examine the articles, but insisted on going into some of the disreputable places in Chrystie street for that purpose. Without making any attempt to have the obliging Hunt arrested, Mr. Townsend jumped on a passing car, and left Hunt to mourn the loss of the \$250 and dispose of his bag to some other person. Townsend says he would not repeat the trip for the value of the goods stolen. It was through the worst streets in the city, and in the evening, it being 8 o'clock when he stepped aboard the car.

Burglars Baffled by a Girl.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. Michael Barrett, a pleasant-featured, white-haired old gentleman, owns a grocery at 51 Union



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS CONNOLLY IN "ENCHANTMENT" AT NIBLO'S GARDEN; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 2.

street, Newark. The store is a one-story addition to Mr. Barrett's two-story frame house. On Monday evening, 24th ult., Mr. Barrett securely fastened his store and dwelling house before joining his family in the sitting room. Besides himself and wife and his little son, there was in the house Miss Catherine O'Callaghan, a niece of Mrs. Barrett. They all retired early. Mr. and Mrs. Barrett slept in a large room in the second story, and Miss O'Callaghan and little Tommy Barrett slept in the second room.

At 2 o'clock on the following morning two burglars broke into the store by forcing a window open with a large jimmy. Then they went to Mr. Barrett's room and ransacked the bureau in search of money. Then they entered the other room. Their whispering awoke Miss O'Callaghan. She could not see the men, because they had turned down the light in the lamp that had been left burning. The men heard her move, and sprang to the bed, and one of them put his hand on her head. She attempted to rise, but the man said: "If you don't keep quiet we'll shoot you." They several times threatened to kill her unless she told them where they could find money, but she persisted in declaring that there was no money in the house. She felt confident that she recognized the voice of one of the burglars as that of Edward Lundenbock, of 167 Ferry street. Finally being alarmed by a noise in Mr. Barrett's room, the baffled burglars started to quit the house, and Miss O'Callaghan shouted, "There are robbers in the house. Catch them." Then she sprang to the window, opened it and shouted for the police.

Mr. Barrett chased the burglars with a heavy lamp for a weapon, but they got away. A few hours afterward Edward Lundenbock was arrested in bed on account of what Miss O'Callaghan said about recognizing his voice in that of one of the burglars. In the police station Miss O'Callaghan positively identified Lundenbock as one of the burglars.

The burglars got only about \$1.50 worth of goods.

Dramatic Scene in Court.

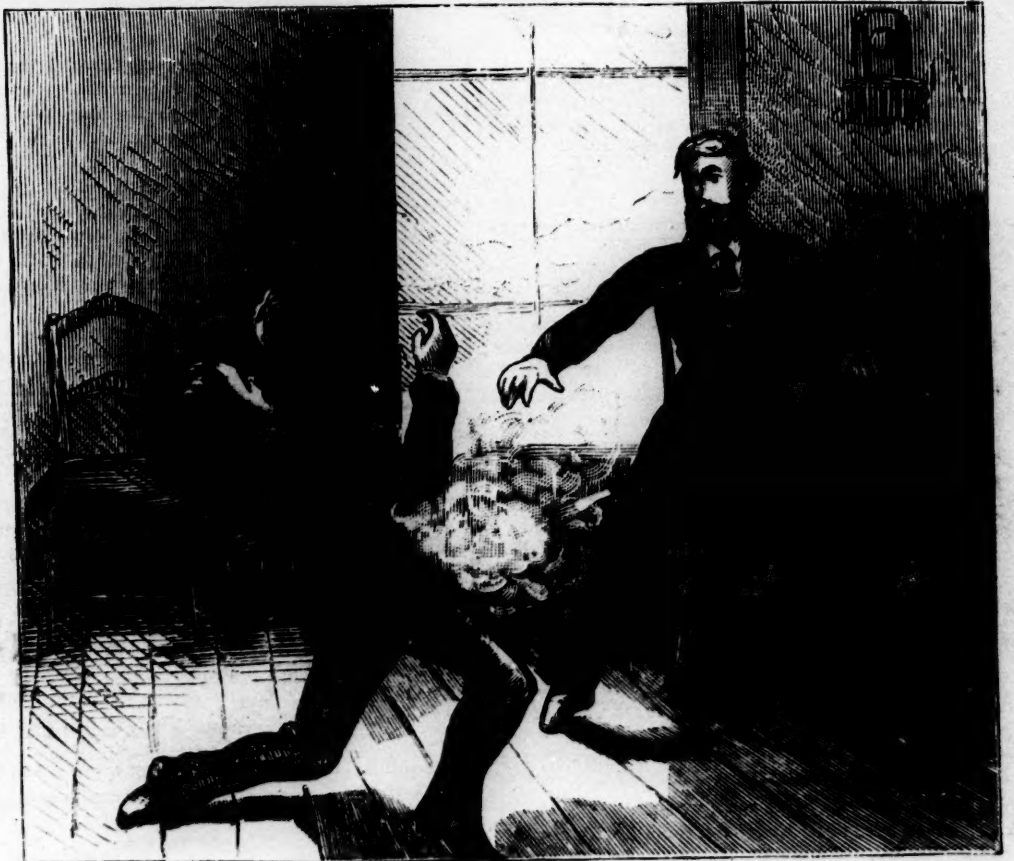
[Subject of Illustration.]

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27.—A dramatic episode yesterday interrupted the trial of George De Groot, a young man, in the Court of Quarter Sessions, on the charge of betraying Lena H. Stultze, under promise of marriage. While the young woman's mother was on the stand, relating in an agonizing voice the story of De Groot's perfidy toward her daughter, a shriek was heard and Lena's sister fell upon the floor in a dead faint. Tipstaves ran to her assistance and great confusion ensued. A brother of the complainant was so wrought upon by the excitement incident to the scene that he sprang toward De Groot, whose recent bride was sitting by him. Young Stultze was furious and shouted that he would kill De Groot. His sister Lena quickly followed him, and when the court officers interposed and prevented an encounter between Stultze and De Groot, she implored the Judge not to punish her brother for his impulsiveness. Stultze was allowed to leave the court room. When he reached the court yard and came to his senses he wept like a child. He had a knife in his pocket, but the blade was not opened. It is supposed that, in the desperation of the moment, he would have throttled De Groot. The prisoner withdrew his plea of not guilty and entered one of guilty. There was another emotional scene when De Groot parted from his bride to take the prison van. She clung to him and wept, and when finally released fell upon the floor in a swoon. The prosecutrix who did not appear to treasure any resentment was almost as badly affected as the other lady. De Groot was afterwards sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Willie Jones and George Wimsey, of Covington, Ky., fourteen years old, quarrelled and Jones inflicted what is supposed to be a fatal stab in Wimsey's back.



BURGLARS BAFFLED BY A GIRL—HOW MISS O'CALLAGHAN FOILED A ROBBER GANG IN HER UNCLE'S HOUSE, IN SPITE OF THEIR THREATS OF DEATH; NEWARK, N. J.



A FATHER'S TERRIBLE BLUNDER—GEORGE MEYER, WHILE CLEANING HIS GUN, NOT KNOWING IT TO BE LOADED, ACCIDENTALLY SHOOTS HIS YOUNG SON; MENLO PARK, N. J.—SEE PAGE 11.

MOONSHINE AND MYSTERY.

Thrilling Adventure With the Hardy
Crooked Whisky Mountaineers of
the South, Who

DEFY THE REVENUE.

Characteristics of the Reckless Breed of
Law-Breakers Who Wage Unceasing
Warfare With the Government.

A TYPICAL TRAGEDY OF THE REGION.

The numerous illicit distilleries that existed in the mountainous regions of East Tennessee and North Alabama prior to the winter of 1875 and the extreme measures adopted by the United States authorities to suppress them have passed into the history of detective operations. The "moonshiners," as the evaders of the Internal Revenue system were called, were hardly mountaineers; reckless, resolute, desperate, brave, not as men, but as lions; courageous, not as soldiers, but as bloodhounds; faithful to one another, not as Christians, but as criminals governed by a community interest; and with them death was preferable to the penitentiary. They had no creed but that of gain; they fought under no standard but that of outlawry; their prisons were orgies; their benedictions were maledictions. They were not murderers under a broad construction of the term, for they killed only detectives, who are made to be killed. It snuffed in the morning air the incipency of a mutinous spirit that might wax strong and dangerous with time; it forged chains, strengthened local jails, offered rewards, and let a contract for the construction of an extraordinary supply of

COFFINS FOR AMATEUR DETECTIVES.

Experienced detectives are never killed. They abandon the business before retribution takes them at so great a disadvantage. The rugged mountains, deep ravines and dark caves that characterize mountains of a limestone formation were powerful auxiliaries in the furtherance of the schemes of the men. It was rare that an extended organization existed among them, but they were never backward in rendering one another assistance of whatever nature, were aware of the existence and locality of all the unlawful haunts in the given district, and considered it a point of honor to retain mutual secrets. In addition to the strength thus possessed, they were supported morally and otherwise by an army of cross-road traffickers in groceries and whisky; men in country stores who wore slouch hats, a belt and a pistol, and whose noses were red and ears sun-burned; petty dealers in villages, who sold highwines from demi-johns, and whose whisky barrels were old, and had the stamps properly canceled—perhaps years ago. Thus it may be seen that the task of driving the outlaws out from their fortresses secreted in the mountains, and bringing them to condign punishment, was

NOT A TRIFLING UNDERTAKING.

It required tact, patience, perseverance and nerve. Furthermore, it required experience—and consequently determined—detectives, and large rewards. The latter were offered; the former were readily forthcoming.

On the 13th of September, in the year 1873, a small, dark man, muscular, active and alert, with black eyes, black hair and black beard, descended from the mountains late in the afternoon, with an old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle on one shoulder and a dead turkey thrown across the other. For nearly a month he had gone regularly to the mountains every day, and never failed to kill a turkey or a deer. He modestly disclaimed any expertness in the use of his rifle, but it was well understood that this was the prime cause of his popularity among the ignorant people of the neighborhood. He had come there, he said, for his health, and for the excellent hunting and fishing in the vicinity.

At the base of a towering monument from Nature's eccentric chisel, called the "Big Tiger," and stretching for twenty miles to the eastward, lies the vast cradle in which nestles the Black Warrior in his infancy. Opposite the tiger's head stands a lofty peak, whose steepness would have forever kept it sacred from the imprints of an intruder were it not for rocks and trees that

AFFORD A PRECARIOUS FOOTHOLD.

This was the favorite hunting-ground of the dark-skinned hunter; and he knew well that a single misstep would have precipitated him headlong down a steep incline of two thousand feet to have his bones crushed by the rocks, and his mangled body dashed into the stream that flowed past the tiger's mouth.

On this 13th of September, four young men mounted on horses, rode up to the store adjoining the cabin wherein our adventurer of the mountains lodged. There was nothing remarkable in their appearance, except that they were armed with rifles of the most improved pattern, and long heavy revolvers that hung from their belts and their pants were tucked into their boots. Their ages ranged between twenty-two and twenty-four years. They were young, strong, active and full of life and vigor. After hitching their horses they walked into the store. The storekeeper emerged from a small room in the rear, and greeted the strangers with:

"Good mornin'."

"Same to you."

"GIVE US SOME WHISKY."

The man eyed them curiously, though with apparent indifference, and placed four greasy tumblers and a black bottle before them.

"How's huntin' around here, cap'n?" asked the tallest stranger.

"Fust rate Deer runnin' easy, turkey fat. Feller named Savage—Jim Savage—been hyar nigh onto a

month. Gets something 'bout every day, I believe; mostly turkey. What d'yer hunt?"

"Anything."

"Good shot?"

"Fair."

They gugged over their whisky and swallowed it with an ill-disgusted grimace. They rinsed their mouths with water dipped from a bucket with a sawed gourd. The liquor had been distilled about a week and was the product of the moonshiner's art.

"Mean whisky; where did you get it?" asked the stranger. "Tastes like Orange Valley or Pine-top."

"Oh, no! that's the riglar, genuwine Bourbon corn-juice. Mebbe it's been doctored a lee'le."

"Damnably doctored," growled the stranger. "Where's that fellow you were telling me about?"

"WALTZ HIM OUT HERE."

They left their horses in the care of the worthy storekeeper, shouldered their rifles and blankets and announced that they would camp that night in the mountains, and that Jim Savage would rem in with them.

"Well, Harry, they haven't dropped on you yet, have they?" asked the tall man of Jim Savage.

"No, unless the old villain in the store smells a mouse since you fellows came."

"Do you intend to pull him to-night?"

"I think it is better to raid the den. There are four up there at the works," he said, nodding in the direction of the Tiger's Head. "They are the worst set in the whole country, and have the strongest place."

While the five men were picking their way over the stones, the leader, heretofore known as Savage, related a singular adventure he had by trailing the moonshiners to their lair. Both sides of the Tiger's Neck shelved off for about a hundred feet, when there was a sheer precipice of three or four hundred feet of perpendicular rock, but smooth and clean, and extending nearly

AROUND THE TIGER'S HEAD.

The only approach to the summit was through a frightful cleft in the face of the rock that extended from the bottom at an angle of about sixty degrees, and terminated on the plateau above. This cleft was a wonderful freak of nature, and resembled the cut of a saw in the corner of a square piece of timber. It was of a width sufficient to admit of but one at a time. It could be seen for a considerable distance, but the entrance was extremely difficult of access by reason of its location on an overhanging rock; and none but the most experienced mountaineers could have ventured on its ascent. Savage climbed upon the rock one day in his search for game other than turkey and deer, and scrambled up the narrow passage, the walls of which made the trip comparatively easy. On arriving at the summit he at once detected the perfume that invariably emanates from a whisky distillery, and was immediately brought to a stand by a rifle that

COVERED HIS BREAST.

The two men recognized each other. Savage assumed an unsuspecting innocence. The man explained that he raised his rifle instinctively—as an old hunter will—or in the belief that he was confronted by a deer, or something of that sort. He gave a plausible explanation to Savage of his presence in the lonely spot; told him that he had also blundered up there, and that the only animated life about the desolate peak was the crow by day and the owl by night. So Savage and the man descended together.

We will penetrate a little further than did Savage, the detective. About fifty feet from the other extremity of the cleft was an uncouth pile of stones that rested upon a shelf projecting from the face of the outer wall. Behind the rocks was the entrance to the cave that contained the mysteries of moonshiners. The seclusion and almost inaccessible location of the cave had its disadvantages. The moonshiners found it impossible to carry to the cave in the rocks a retort and worm and all the other necessary appliances of a still, and hit on a novel and ingenious process of distillation on a less cumbersome and equally effective plan.

At midnight on the memorable 13th all was silent upon the craggy heights. There was no moon, but the stars were shining through the dark stillness with unusual brilliancy. Five shadows were stealing quietly, furtively, cautiously up through the cleft in the rock. A head slowly appeared at the summit and two eyes peered through the darkness. The watchful sentinel had his back turned, his rifle rested across his left arm, and he was gazing meditatively upon the valley through which the Black Warrior threaded its way. A form in stocking feet slowly crept toward him, and four other forms appeared through the cleft. In the right hand of the first appeared a murderous knife. He sought a favorable spot in the back of his victim and

PLUNGED IN THE KNIFE TO THE HILT.

The battle had opened. The murdered man shrieked, turned, staggered, partly raised his rifle to his shoulder, then fell with a groan, and died with a curse. The five men hurried with cocked rifles in hand to the brink of the precipice under which the protruding rocks were hanging; but before they reached it a rifle resting on the edge of the plateau spit out its spiteful venom, and the beating of an ambitious heart was stilled forever. The remaining four ran to the brink and jumped upon the shelving rock. Not a soul was visible. To enter the cave would be certain death to some of the little band, but it seemed the only course. The man called Savage did not seem at all alarmed. He must have had some other resource. His companions awaited his orders and watched him. He watched the mouth of the cave, at the same time feeling in his pocket for something. He brought out what appeared to be a small tin box. He handled it carefully, opened it slowly and extracted what appeared to be a small silver ball, somewhat larger than an egg. A string about two inches long hung from the smaller end.

"Hello in there!" he called, in a low, steady tone. "Lay down your guns; come out one at a time, or you are dead men!"

The only response was the hooting of a lonely owl, whose desolate cry

STOLE FROM THE DEPTH BELOW.

"I knew it," was all that Savage said. The silver ball was a petard! The fuse sputtered. He held it a moment, then threw it obliquely into the cave, where it glanced against the wall and bounded into the interior. The detonation immediately followed, and the skull of the Tiger was shattered. The dislocated rock fell with a crash, a cloud of dust poured from the cave and all was quiet again.

"Run to the cleft," said Savage to one of his men, "and if any one appears roll a stone down; it beats a rifle."

The three remaining men crouched against the wall and brought their rifles to bear on the entrance to the cave. A thing crawled to the opening. A few seconds before it was a man. It carried something in its left arm—a shattered leg. It held a knife between its teeth and glared at its enemies. It only half glared. A ball was dangling against one cheek, which annoyed it, and it feebly struck at the ball once. Still the ball dangled, and it grasped the object, jerked it from the slender thread that held it and threw it over the precipice. It was an eye. The thing continued to glare at its murderers.

"Kill me!" it whispered hoarsely. They did not.

"Cowards!" it hissed between its clenched teeth. They did not move. It raised its knife and struck it to its heart.

The lonely owl continued its hooting; it was a prayer for the slain. Some ravens set up a dreary cry; it was a requiem for the dead.

DRAINED TO THE DREGS.

How a Fair Young Girl Recklessly
Threw Away Home, Happiness and
Honor for a Life of Shame.

Harriet Saville, the white woman who was shot by her lover, a mulatto named Henry Smith, cook on board the steamer Bridgeport, on the 8th of November, died on Saturday morning, 29th ult., at the Chambers Street Hospital, whither she was taken by Mrs. Bridget Waters, who resides on the third floor of No. 128 Leonard street, and in whose sitting-room the fatal shot was fired.

As was stated at the time, the girl, who, spite of years of dissipation, still bore traces of great beauty, was believed to be of good family. While lying in the hospital she was interviewed by a *Mercury* reporter, and after detailing the circumstances of her quarrel with Smith, of her flight for refuge and of her lover's following her into Mrs. Waters' sitting room, and of his there drawing a revolver from his right hip pocket and shooting her, gave the following account of her life:

"I was," she said, "born in Canada, and very shortly after my birth my parents, who were well-to-do farmers, changed from Canada to New York State, purchasing a farm near to Syracuse. They were very religious and were stern in their manner toward me. I was of what you might call a lively disposition, was fond of company and was always getting into one scrape or another, when I would be harshly reprimanded or beaten, or both. But it did me no good, so the next day I would do the same thing over again, so they (my parents) called me incorrigible and seemed to lose all affection for me. This was while I was still quite a young girl, between thirteen and fourteen years of age. As I grew older things did not mend between my parents and myself, they treating me with increasing severity and harshness when I refused or

PAID NO HEED TO THEIR INSTRUCTIONS.

When I was a little over fifteen I fell in love with a young fellow who resided close to where my parents' place was. At first they knew nothing whatever about it, but after a month or two some one who saw us together went and told them. Then there was a row, and I was forbidden to either see, write or go near him. That made no difference. I saw him whenever I could. I really did love him, and hoped to break down my parents' dislike and obtain their consent to our marriage. I was mistaken, and it being found out that I was meeting him, I was for a few days confined to the house. As soon as I was allowed to go out again I met and told him how I had been used. We were in love, or at least fancied so. Circumstances had brought us together, when—I need say nothing more of what followed. We continued to meet by stealth, and were not again found out until the probabilities of a certain event being very close at hand could no longer be neglected. I knew if my parents found out that they would both disown and cast me from them, that all hope of assistance from them would be folly, so I determined to leave while yet able to move about. My lover—well, I will not speak of him now. I

HAVE NEVER HEARD OF OR SEEN HIM SINCE.

That's enough, isn't it? I ran away and went to Boston. There I stayed until my trouble was over, and then came to New York, where I stayed for a while, and then went West. It does not matter what cities or places I was in. I visited them all. Then, after a time, I came back to New York. I had sunk in the social scale of vice, having become too fond, they said, of the bottle. What cared I? Anything to relieve me of myself. I drank for that reason. After a time I met Smith, and went to live with him. I knew I was foolish in doing so, and often felt sure I would rue the day I went to keep house for him. Now he has shot me. He threatened to do so twice before. I wish now I'd never seen him," and as Harriet Saville said these words in a low voice (she had told her story with very little apparent effort up to this point) she laid her head on the pillow and closed her eyes. Her speech and manner were those of one who had both good education and bringing up.

Smith has fled, and there seems to be no clue to his whereabouts.

Gates were placed at both ends of the Staten Island ferryboats on the 3rd inst., to prevent attempts at suicide, which have become common.

A SWINDLER'S SECRET.

How an Accomplished Rogue Bilked the
Confiding Business Men of Two Conti-
nents and Was at Last Captured by a
Firm of American Detectives.

[With Portraits.]

A communication received from the German Government on the 29th ult. by Messrs. Mooney & Boland at their Detective Agency, 162 Broadway, announced the arrest in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany, of Alfred Eugene Lagrave, one of the most accomplished forgers and swindlers in this country. Lagrave, who is forty-three years old, was born in Marseilles, France, and came to this country when a mere boy with his father, who was a respectable merchant. He was trained in the silk and dry goods business, and became noted for his efficiency in that line. No sooner did he attain his majority, however, than he sought the society of men known by the police to be engaged in illegal business, but whom the law failed to reach. By dealing in stolen bonds and engaging in other nefarious transactions, Lagrave amassed a fortune estimated from \$20,000 to \$30,000, with which in the fall of 1871 he entered upon his first

LARGE SWINDLING SCHEME.

He had been leading a dual life, one among criminals and the other among the best circles of society. He opened an office in the dry goods district, near the corner of Church and Walker streets. Being a man of fine personal appearance and clever address, speaking three or four languages, he obtained large quantities of goods from H. B. Clafin & Co., A. T. Stewart & Co., and other large wholesale firms on ten and thirty day notes. In order to gain the confidence of his intended victims, he took up the ten day notes in five days and the thirty-day notes in fifteen days, until at last in one swoop he obtained nearly \$400,000 worth of goods on credit. These he sold at auction, and with the proceeds fled to Canada with a man named Otis. After staying a few days in Montreal they went to Quebec and took passage on an Allen line steamer for Belfast, Ireland, from which they proceeded to Holyhead, where they separated, Otis remaining in Wales and Lagrave going to London. Both Otis and Lagrave were arrested by the English police on telegrams sent by Messrs. Mooney & Boland, but on being arraigned in the Mansion House court in London were discharged owing to

A LEGAL TECHNICALITY.

Lagrave hearing that Mr. Mooney was on the way over with extradition papers for him fled to France. After remaining a few days in Paris he went to Brussels in Belgium. There another phase of his career was developed. He had been married to four women, all of whom are now living. His fourth wife, a Mrs. Goslin, the divorced wife of a New York merchant, joined him in Brussels. A quarrel sprang up between them and they separated, she returning to England, where she is now earning her living by singing in the London concert halls and third rate theatres. Lagrave left Brussels and sought refuge in an obscure hamlet near the Spanish frontier, where he was arrested by Messrs. Mooney and Boland, and taken to the Mazas prison in Paris by the French police. His was the first extradition granted by the French Republic to the United States Government, the extradition warrant being signed by President Thiers in person. Lagrave arrived here in the latter part of 1872, and was at once lodged in Ludlow Street Jail. When arrested in France he had nearly \$80,000 in English and American money in his possession, and with this sum he was enabled to hire lawyers and live like a lord in Ludlow Street Jail, where he remained for fourteen months, when he was admitted to bail in the sum of \$12,000 and

AT ONCE FLED TO CANADA.

Here he was again arrested by Detective Mooney and discharged by the authorities. After that nothing was heard of him until the 29th ult.

The German police, in their communication to Messrs. Mooney & Boland, state that Lagrave is arrested for forging medical certificates and diplomas, and that in his possession were found a large number of forged and stolen securities, among the rest one of the bonds stolen from the Northampton Bank of Massachusetts by William Scott, T. O. Dunlap, John alias Red Leary and William Connors. Connors and Leary escaped from Ludlow Street Jail, but Scott and Dunlap were convicted of the robbery and are now serving out a sentence of twenty years each. It is estimated that during his criminal career Lagrave realized from his various swindles nearly a million dollars, of which sum he has but little left.

Messrs. Mooney & Boland, of 162 Broadway, the American Detectives, have achieved a world-wide reputation in their profession, the Lagrave affair being only one of a series of important cases in which they have been employed by the mercantile community of New York, with the most successful results. They have done as much at least to further the interests of the business community as any persons in their line of business. Their skillful and arduous services rendered in the famous silk smuggling frauds in which Charles Lawrence was extradited from England and Deputy Collector Des Anjers was convicted for conspiracy and sent to state prison for a number of years, are familiar facts to the commercial world.

In order to show the estimation in which the Government held their services we print the following letter from Mr. George Bliss, the United States District Attorney, to them in relation to said case:

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE,
New York, May 24, 1875.

MESSRS. MOONEY & BOLAND:

It is only the simplest justice to you, and those under you, that I should express my entire satisfaction with your very valuable services in tracing the silk smugglers, so-called. These services have been rendered in New York, in Canada and in England. In all those places I have found that you exhibited a fidelity, shrewdness and industry amid great trials and great temptations which it has not been often my good fortune to observe in detectives. If those qualities were more common there would be more confidence reposed by the public in detectives.

Yours truly,
(Signed)

GEORGE BLISS, U. S. District Attorney.

A SHAMEFUL SECRET.

Romance of a Mother and Daughter, in Which the Weakness of One Was Visited Upon the Other.

A STRANGE REVELATION.

Which Exhibited a Career of Shame and Dissipation Following the First False Step

ON THE DOWNWARD PATH.

MACON, Ga., Nov. 27.—A romance in real life as pitiful as it is sad has just transpired here. About twenty years ago the daughter of one of the most prominent men in the interior of Georgia married a gambler. Her family—one of the best in the state—put her memory away from them after she deserted them. With blind devotion, she followed him from one point to another—he shifting his quarters whenever moved by his predatory instincts—and shared his varying fortunes. Only occasional reports of her whereabouts and condition came back to the family and friends she had left and the high social circle she had estranged herself from.

It was known after a short time that a daughter had come to the wandering lovers, and a little later it was rumored that the gambler had deserted the girl that HE ENTICED FROM HER HOME.

Whether this rumor was true or false, it soon became known that she was alone with her baby in a strange city. Her beauty had grown with her growth, and she was much too interesting a person to be left long without admirers. As soon as her lover—from death or betrayal, it is not known which—had left her she was surrounded with new friends—fast men who ministered to her wants that they might win possession of her. Willful, passionate, and shut out from her former friends, and with no means of support, and her baby depending on her, she soon contracted new alliances, and, plunging from one excess to another, soon became a queen of the demi-monde. Through her wicked life, there came some hints of a better nature. She was charitable, generous, and became generally known as one of the best-hearted of the women of her class.

Shortly after her return to Georgia she signified a desire to have her daughter taken from her and placed beyond the reach of her shame or the influence of her life. She offered to pay anything that was required for such a disposition, and pledged herself never to recall her daughter from the hands TO WHICH SHE WAS CONFIDED.

The Episcopal minister at Augusta, hearing of the case, took the child from its mother and sent it to the Appleton Home at this place, so named because of its establishment and endowment by the head of Appleton's Publishing House.

The child was then about twelve years old, and was bright, interesting and pretty. There were suggestions in the face and figure that she had inherited her mother's rare beauty, and that it would be doubly necessary to protect her from the temptations that would assail her in a few years. She was kindly received at the home, and under the excellent system there observed and the tender care of the sisters in charge, she lived for several years in happiness. She developed unusual aptitude for learning, and was one of the brightest scholars in the home. Of charming disposition, and quiet, pensive habits, she became a great favorite with all. Her mother wrote to her regularly, sent her money and delicacies, and once in a while visited her at the home. The strongest devotion seemed to exist between the two, and the visits after a while became more frequent. The mother says that about this time her daughter began to complain that she was badly treated at the home, and that she wanted to leave it. She says, furthermore, that she was subjected to insults from boys with whom she was allowed to associate, and that she was soon to be forced to go and live as a servant at the house of a gentleman in the city. The girl said that she had made none of these complaints, but that her mother continually begged her to leave the home and go to Atlanta and live with her. In any event the girl decided to run away from the home. She was then only sixteen years old, and was a picture of

SHY, BUDDING BEAUTY.

The plan of escape was arranged by the mother, who sent a friend to Macon to guide the girl to the train and carry her to Atlanta. She was to reach that city at midnight, and the mother, in a close carriage, sat at the end of the depot, an appointed place, waiting for the train. As it rolled into the depot the girl and her guide leaped from it, hurried into the carriage, and were driven to a small but elegant house, where the mother lived. The mother had never disclosed the character of her life to her daughter, and guarded most carefully against her finding out anything about it. She had already provided fine and tasteful dresses for the girl, and sent her to church the first Sunday after her arrival. The unusual beauty of the child and her strange appearance attracted attention in the church, and that afternoon at Sunday school the rector asked her who she was. She told him without hesitation. He then said that he had received a letter from the sisters of the home telling him her history and advising him to see her if possible and watch over her. In the meantime the minister in Augusta who had succeeded the minister who had sent the child to the home, reached Atlanta, determined to find her and return her to the care of the sisters. On Monday the story leaked out and found its way to the papers. The next morning the girl, who read the paper while her mother was dressing, saw a sensational account of her own case, painting her mother in the blackest terms, and

DISCLOSING THE REAL SECRET OF HER LIFE.

After breakfast she put on her hat and told her

mother that she was going to morning service at the church. When she reached the church she begged the rector to take her, as she would not live with her mother any longer. The rector took her to his own home, and with the Augusta minister and the sheriff went to the mother's house to acquaint her with what had happened and to say that they were determined to hold the child. She was apparently overwhelmed at the disclosures made, and declared that she would never give the girl up. She went to a leading lawyer and employed him to recover her child, and the other side employed counsel also. The girl spent several days at the rector's home, when the case came before the court. After argument the judge said that he would render a decision shortly, and ordered that the girl should remain in the custody of the sheriff in the meantime. For two days the girl followed the deputy-sheriff from office to office and court to court, winning universal sympathy by her sad demeanor and her girlish beauty. At length a compromise was effected, the mother declaring that she would send the girl to her (the mother's) brother in Texas, who was thoroughly reputable and who had agreed to take her. The rector agreed to this, the judge ordered it, and the sheriff executed it by putting the girl on the train at Atlanta with

A THROUGH TICKET FOR TEXAS.

About eight months after the above-named compromise—that is, about two months ago—the people living along a quiet street in Atlanta were aroused one night by piercing shrieks and by angry shouts. Hurrying to their doors with lights they saw a girl about sixteen years old thrust up against a fence by a large woman who was talking in a most violent manner. Near by stood a young fellow on whom the woman would turn at intervals and assault with great spirit. At length he left the scene. The woman explained that the girl was her daughter; that she had followed them as they were walking and had surprised them. She was then allowed to take the girl away, although the girl protested with the most frantic earnestness for relief. It transpired that this was the girl who had been sent to Texas and who was still believed to be there by the people who had interested themselves in saving her. It seems that she stayed in Texas only a short time and then either returned or was brought back to Atlanta. She lived with her mother, it is believed, and was a regular attendant upon one of the Presbyterian Sunday-schools. The story of the midnight encounter was published in the papers and

REVIVED INTEREST IN THE GIRL.

There was no one, however, who took a direct interest in it, and the matter again died out of public attention.

The horrible part of the story remains to be told. A short time ago the girl was discovered by some one who had seen her during the court scenes, at one of the fashionable houses in the city of Atlanta. She is described as being very sad and depressed and assaying that she wanted to leave her life. She is not permitted to go about the house, as other inmates, but is kept in her room. She will say nothing of the influences that brought her to the place, but says she is going to leave it whenever she can. She is not yet seventeen years of age and still retains her fresh and girlish beauty, but her life is condemned to lasting infamy and disgrace. Since it has been discovered where she is there is some talk of having an investigation through legal forms to discover whether she was handed over to the mistress by her mother, whether she was betrayed, or whether she went knowingly and of her own accord. Her mother still lives in Atlanta, and the melancholy fate of the girl, so charming, so shyly beautiful and so troubled and bewildered and lost in her budding maidenhood, is deeply deplored by the good men and women who sought to save her from ruin.

An Elopement Spoiled.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Henry Ellis, a seventeen-year-old youth, of Ottawa, Canada, fell in love with Miss Emma Graham, a pretty seamstress, who worked for his mother. The courtship between the infatuated pair continued for some time unobserved by the mother. In fact her first actual intimation of the serious proportions it had attained was the bold act of the youth in asking her permission to the marriage. The old lady was terribly incensed at the revelation and threatened both the boy and his innamorata with dire vengeance if they should ever again dare to think of such a thing. To the seamstress especially she gave a "piece of her mind" for daring to capture her boy and warned her never again to speak or look toward him. The seamstress was not terrified, however. On the contrary the affair was only hastened by the opposition. Clandestine meetings were arranged and resulted in preparations being made for an elopement. The time and place were fixed and the couple were waiting for a hack, when the old lady, who had "tumbled to the racket," approached with a riding whip which she at once proceeded to lay about the boy's shoulders with a hearty good will, varying the performance by giving the seamstress an even worse lashing with her tongue, which effectually drove her off the scene. It is needless to say that the elopement was indefinitely postponed.

Keenan, the Chicago Thug.

[With Portrait.]

John Keenan, alias O'Neill, whose portrait we give on another page, is the Chicago ruffian and thug to whom has been traced, almost beyond doubt, the perpetration of the cruel murder of Mr. Hensley, previously narrated in our columns, who, being aroused by thieves, attacked them, and was shot down, almost at the feet of his mother, dying in defence of his home and property at the hands of as terrible a gang of assassins as ever cursed a great city with their dangerous presence. The remainder of the gang are being closely followed by the police, and it is probable that this atrocious murder will result in breaking up the cut-throat cabal, whose murderous doings have on several previous occasions given a bloody page to our criminal records.

BOUND IN A BROTHEL.

Horrible Social Mystery of Which a Young and Respectable Married Lady Was the Unconscious Victim.

One of the many social mysteries which partake largely of the romantic and inexplicable, and sometimes of the criminal, of which this city is naturally, on account of its magnitude and wealth and the manner of life, the centre, had its incipient exposure in Baltimore recently. In response to an urgent communication, a good looking and fashionably dressed young man on Tuesday evening, 25th ult., hurried over to Jersey City and took the Washington express. Arriving at Baltimore, the young man got out and proceeded to a house in Josephine street, West Baltimore, and although it was 4 o'clock Wednesday morning, he rang the bell vigorously and like a man who had urgent business on hand and was determined to do it. A colored servant responded to the summons of the bell, and as the servants of such houses usually do—for it was a house of questionable repute—she closely scrutinized the features of the young man who demanded admittance.

Failing to recognize him as a frequenter of the place, she asked if he was a stranger. He said he was, and that he wanted to get in as his wife had been abducted from New York and was

DETAINED THERE BY FORCE.

The servant replied that she had received instruction from Mrs. Farrell, her employer, not to admit strangers at unseasonable hours. She then slammed the door in his face. The young man then hurried to the police station, where he told the officer in charge that his name was William H. Dolan, that he was employed in a large dry goods house in New York, that his wife, Cora Dolan, who was only nineteen years of age, had been induced to make a friendly visit to Baltimore, and on arriving there had found herself the victim of a vile plot, and was forcibly confined in a house on Josephine street, admittance to which he had been refused. The police saw at once the importance of the case, and went to work promptly. Several officers tried to get into the house, but failed, and as they were not armed with any judicial authority they hesitated to break their way in. At that early hour none of the courts were in session and no warrant could be sworn out. An hour or so later, however, the sergeant, by strategy, managed to get inside, and he soon unbarred the doors and admitted Dolan and the police officers who had been detailed on the case. They went to the room where Mrs. Dolan had been confined and soon got inside. Mrs. Dolan, who is an extremely handsome and fascinating young woman, expressed great

JOY AT HER RELEASE AND RESCUE.

Mr. and Mrs. Dolan went with the police to the station house, where the lady remained while her husband went to the railroad depot and procured tickets for New York and made other arrangements for their return. While at the station house the story of the alleged abduction and confinement was told. Mrs. Dolan said that some two days before a finely dressed woman called at the house where she and her husband occupied furnished apartments and took board there for a week. Mrs. Dolan and the lady became friends, and when the elegant lady from Baltimore, who described in glowing colors her home in that city and the mild and spring-like beauty of the weather there, even at this season of the year, was about to leave New York, to which she had come partly on business and partly on pleasure, she invited Mrs. Dolan to accompany her and spend a week or so in that semi-Southern city. Mrs. Dolan, young, full of life and romantic, at once caught the idea, and obtaining the permission of an indulgent husband, she and the Southern lady, who was no other than the Mrs. Lillie Farrell of Josephine street, West Baltimore, left New York a week ago. Arriving in Baltimore they were driven in a carriage to the house in question. A glance around was sufficient to convince Mrs. Dolan that she was in a house of ill-repute, and she expressed her desire to leave at once. Mrs. Farrell, however, persuaded her to remain for a short time. Finally she induced Mrs. Dolan to go to a room and take off her wrapping while she procured some refreshment for her, of which she stood in need after her railroad journey. Once in the room Mrs. Farrell soon showed her that she was a prisoner and

COMPLETELY AT HER MERCY.

A young woman was sent to keep her company. The girl who had been detailed to watch her soon began to take pity on her, and through this girl Mrs. Dolan managed to have a letter sent to her husband in New York. It was in response to this letter that Mr. Dolan left New York so hastily and hurried to the house on Josephine street. The story was corroborated by Dolan as far as the incidents with which he was personally acquainted were concerned. The statements about Mrs. Farrell engaging board at the house where they lived, of her invitation to Cora to spend a week with her in Baltimore, of his reluctantly consenting to Cora's going, and of the receipt of her letter urging him to come at once to Baltimore and rescue her were all corroborated by him.

The police sergeant asked Dolan to make a complaint against the woman Farrell, but he said his immediate return to New York was absolutely necessary on account of his position in the dry goods house, and in addition

HE WANTED TO AVOID PUBLICITY.

He had found and rescued his wife in time, and he was satisfied with that. The parties left on the 8 o'clock A. M. express from Baltimore for this city, and arrived here in good time for Thanksgiving.

Inquiries were made at the house of Mrs. Farrell, and that person totally denied the abduction. She said she went to New York for the purpose of making arrangements for either moving to that city or opening a "branch establishment" there. While in New York she met the girl who claimed to be Mrs. Dolan. The girl passed as Mrs. Cora Curtis. "Cora," said Mrs. Farrell, "was anxious to come to Baltimore and I advanced her money to pay a board bill due by her,

and also gave her \$10. Mrs. Farrell denied that Cora had been restrained of her liberty, and said she was as free as she was in her own house. Such a defense of course might be expected from such a woman.

A MINISTERIAL BEAT.

Details of the Operations of a Reverend Fraud, who Selected Wealthy Maiden Ladies as His Victims.

D. F. Owen, a Methodist minister, was arrested at Oil City, Pa., a few days ago upon the charge of swindling an aged widow lady named Walmer. She says he introduced himself as a relative of her husband, and stated that he held in trust for her a valuable tract of land situated in the coal region near Scranton. His story was so plausible that Mrs. Walmer loaned him a considerable amount of money. He subsequently robbed her house of a quantity of valuable jewelry and silverware, with which he decamped. When he was arrested at the depot at Oil City he had in his possession a quantity of the stolen property and tickets for New York city. Owen introduced himself to Mrs. Walmer as the Rev. Col. William P. Courtney, and stated that he was an ordained Methodist minister. When arrested he told the officers that he was Rev. Colonel James Howak, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and that he never heard of Mrs. Walmer. He was identified by that lady, however, and

COMMITTED TO JAIL.

The reverend gentleman's swindling career may be said to date from February, 1878, when he was sent by the Newark (N. J.) M. E. Conference to the pastorate of the Riverdale M. E. church at Dingman's Ferry. He represented himself as being a newly-ordained minister of the gospel, giving his name as Rev. D. F. Owen, and stating that he was from Centre county, Pa. His first sermon was listened to by a large congregation, and he made a very favorable impression upon the people. He was thirty or thirty-five years of age, a fine speaker and of prepossessing appearance. Everything progressed smoothly, and at the expiration of his first year he attended the annual Methodist conference held at Port Jervis, N. Y., and was again stationed at this place. He was very much dissatisfied with the appointment, saying that he had no desire to remain here another year on account of the inability of the congregation to pay him a sufficient salary. On his return from the conference he informed the trustees of the church that he desired to give up the charge. In the latter part of April he tendered his resignation, which was accepted, according to his wish.

About this time it was rumored that Mr. Owen had borrowed large sums of money from several of his parishioners, and that he was conducting things generally

IN A PECULIAR WAY.

It was also ascertained that he left unpaid a large board bill, and had forged notes on which he drew money previous to his departure. To reconcile some of his many creditors he represented that he was going to his home at Phillipsburg, Centre county, Pa., and after his arrival there he would make the full remittances, and, as he expressed it, "square everything up."

With this assurance he was allowed to depart. Week after week passed, but no intelligence of the young divine was received, and his creditors began to grow uneasy. Steps were about being taken to ascertain where Owen was, when one day a letter, purporting to be from his father, dated at Phillipsburg, was received by one of the young minister's creditors, stating that Rev. D. F. Owen and several other persons had been killed by the falling in of a bituminous coal mine near that place. This report caused considerable gossip here, particularly among the members of Mr. Owen's church. The newspapers were carefully examined, and as no account of the accident could be found a letter was sent to the postmaster at Phillipsburg asking if a disaster similar to that related in Mr. Owen's letter had occurred. A reply was speedily received, stating that the report was unfounded, and that no disaster of the kind had happened. It was then believed that the letter had been written at the instigation of the pastor in the hope that his creditors would make no further efforts to

OBTAIN THE MONEY DUE THEM.

A month later a report reached this place that Owen, under an assumed name, was preaching in the western part of Pennsylvania. This report and the exposure of the ruse in the Phillipsburg letter previously received made Owen's creditors determined to capture him. Mr. Owen was an ardent admirer of the ladies, and while at Dingman's he courted the friendship and confidence of several of the fair sex. As soon as it was discovered where Owen was and proceedings for his arrest were about being made, one of his lady friends advised him of what was being done here, and he suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from where he was then preaching, leaving, it is said, many unpaid bills behind him there.

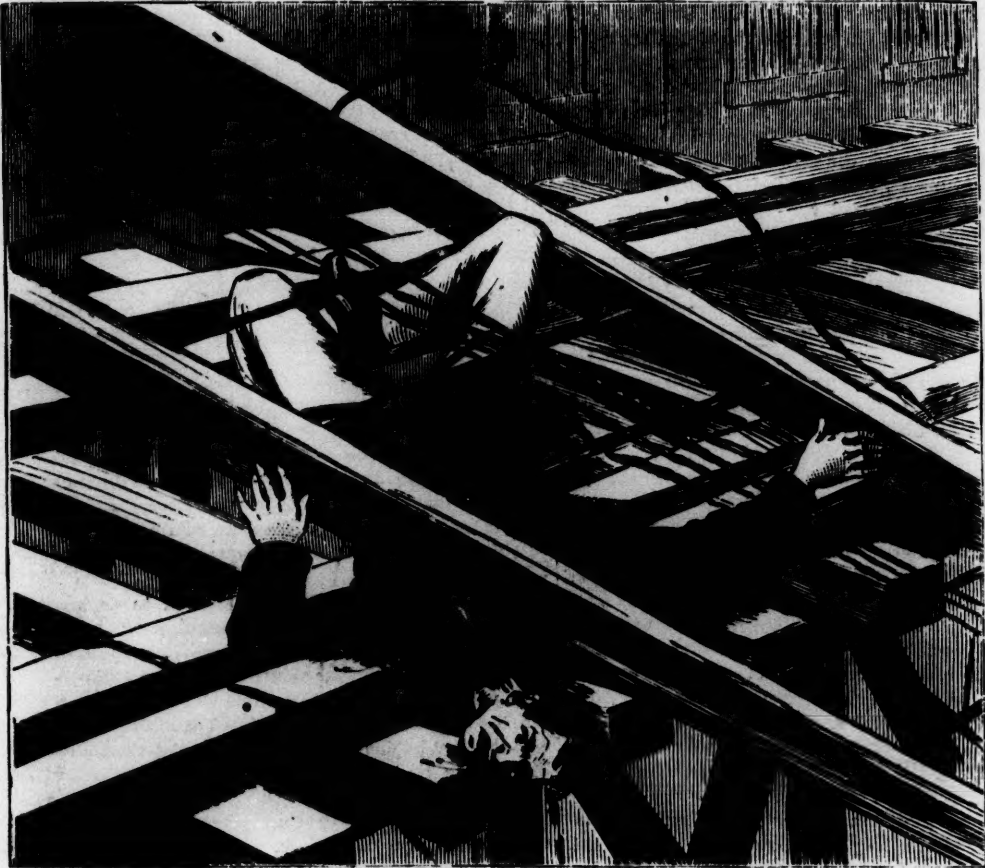
He next made his appearance in Ohio, where he traveled as Rev. Col. W. P. Bates, stating that he had been a chaplain in one of the Pennsylvania regiments during the late war. After swindling several people there he went to Bradford county, Pa., where he operated for a short time, and from thence to Oil City, where he was arrested.

Mr. Owen is a man of medium size, with dark, curly hair, sandy mustache, and is a smooth, easy talker, as many of his victims have reason to remember.

ADRIAN, Mich., Dec. 1.—Officers having secured the arrest and commitment of the party implicated, today reveal the details of an atrocious crime committed in Blissfield township Sunday evening, Nov. 2. On that evening, it is alleged, Benjamin Bevelhamer, a farm laborer, aged thirty-nine, entered the home of a family named Ray, and brutally outraged Carrie, the eighteen-year old daughter, a cripple, bed ridden from infancy. The mother was at church and the father temporarily absent at a neighbor's.



THRILLING SCENE IN A COURT ROOM—GEORGE DE GROOT, WHILE BEING TRIED FOR THE SEDUCTION OF MISS LENA H. STULTZE, IS DESPERATELY ATTACKED BY THE BROTHER OF HIS VICTIM, AT THE SIDE OF HIS NEWLY MADE BRIDE; PHILADELPHIA.—SEE PAGE 5.



BEHEADED ON THE "L."—JOHN HENRY KEELAND, A LABORER ON THE SECOND AVENUE ELEVATED RAILROAD, INSTANTLY DECAPITATED BY THE FALLING OF A DERRICK; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 10.



SHOOTING AFFRAY BETWEEN WOMEN—MRS. W. L. BULLOCK ASSAULTS MISS JULIA SEALS WITH A PISTOL ON ACCOUNT OF JEALOUSY OF HER HUSBAND'S ATTENTIONS TO THE LATTER; HOUSTON, TEX.—SEE PAGE 3.



BLOODY POLITICAL PARTISANSHIP—FATAL ROW BETWEEN THE ALDERMAN McMULLEN GANG AND THEIR OPPONENTS AT A PHILADELPHIA DEMOCRATIC WARD CONVENTION.—SEE PAGE 11.



AN ELOPEMENT SPOILED—HENRY ELLIS ATTEMPTS TO ELOPE WITH HIS MOTHER'S PRETTY SEAMSTRESS BUT IS OVERTAKEN BY THE OLD LADY WHO VIGOROUSLY COWHIDES HER RECREANT SON IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS INTENDED BRIDE, AND PUTS A SUMMARY PERIOD TO THE MATCH; OTTAWA, CANADA.—SEE PAGE 7.



AN ASTOUNDING CONSPIRACY—MR. CHARLES BLAIR'S ADVENTURE WITH THE VOLKMERS—LURED BY A SIREN ON A BOSTON BOAT AND AFTERWARDS DRAWN INTO A SNARE FROM WHICH HE NARROWLY ESCAPES WITH HIS LIFE; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 3.

CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

Tragic Termination of the Sad Drama of a
Young Girl's Betrayal and Descent
Along the Broad Path of Shame.

EXPIATION OF A SICKENING CRIME.

A TEXAN VENDETTA.

SHREVEPORT, La., Nov. 28.—Advices from Lake Charles say that the Sheriff of Orange county, Tex., has captured two young men there who had participated in a murderous affray a few days ago in Fort Bend county, Tex. It was a regular battle between the Taylor and Sutton families, in which six were engaged on one side, and three on the other, the latter including the young men arrested, who lost one of their party, and killed three of the six men on the other side. The young men arrested were both wounded, one of them by a shot in the hip, and the other by a knife in the neck.

A RAPIST'S UNLUCKY VISIT.

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., Nov. 23.—A young man named George Douglas, with four others from the same place, to-day was sauntering in front of a house where a horrible outrage was committed two weeks ago, when the victim, a bright young girl, at once pointed him out as one of the two villains who committed the horrible deed. Mayor Trenett secured the arrest of the whole party. On facing him in court the girl promptly and positively identified him. He secured a postponement of the examination until to-morrow. The arrest creates great excitement here, as the girl, eleven years old, is of an excellent family, and was most shamefully outraged.

REVELATION OF A HIDDEN CRIME.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—A confession is received from a prisoner at Ballston Spa, N. Y., to the effect that John Ryan, now in the Michigan Penitentiary, and John Lamb, now awaiting trial for the murder here of Officer Race, were the men who, in 1875, committed the terrible murder at Norway, near La Salle, by which one Burdick Sarason lost his life while defending the life and property of his friend, old Mr. Keppler, from burglars. The perpetrators of this outrage have never been discovered. The confession states that Lamb and Ryan were driven by the Ballston prisoner in a wagon from the scene of the murder, and that from their conversation he knew they had committed the crime. The gambler who put up the job has been arrested. Lamb utterly denies any connection with the matter.

BETRAYED AND BUTCHERED.

DOYLESTOWN, Pa., Nov. 30.—A profound sensation has been created here by the death, at an early hour on Friday morning, of Euphemia Shive, aged twenty-three years, from the effects of an operation performed in Philadelphia. She was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer at Landisville, about three miles from here. She had been from home on one or two previous occasions, but had been reclaimed by her parents. The names of some very prominent persons here, including a young lawyer of political standing, are freely mentioned in connection with the sad affair. Deputy Coroner Firman held an inquest, and a sealed verdict will be handed to the court to-morrow morning at the commencement of the term, and from the prediction of certain persons here some remarkable developments may be expected. A partial confession was made by the dying girl to her mother.

COLD-BLOODED MURDER BY A BOY.

NORTH ADAMS, Mass., Nov. 28.—Henry Burke, an orphan boy, thirteen years old, bought a revolver to-night, and when on his way to his home in Five Roads, a mile and a half east of the village, in company with a companion named Broderick, he met Thomas Lannon, a boy of his own age. Standing on the sidewalk in front of his father's house, Burke exhibited the revolver, and Lannon exclaimed: "Isn't it bright?" Burke replied: "It's bright enough for you," and coolly proceeded to load it. This done, he pointed it toward Lannon with the remark, "I'm going to shoot," and deliberately fired. The bullet went through Lannon's cheek, just below the temple, and the boy fell to the ground. Burke and Broderick fled. Officers arrested Burke to-night, and lodged him in jail. Lannon's condition is dangerous. Burke was interviewed to-night, and said that the shooting was accidental; that as he was holding the revolver his companion struck his hand and the pistol went off.

A BAD EXAMPLE.

CATLETTSBURG, Ky., Nov. 28.—This morning about 2 o'clock a party of eight or ten men, residents of this place and Hampton City, left the latter place in company on horseback, to go to Trout's Hill, in Virginia, to witness the hanging of Labe Walker. The whole party were drunk, or drinking, when they started, and took whisky with them. They crossed the Big Sandy into Virginia at the mouth of White's Creek, and proceeded some two miles, when a difficulty arose between Elijah Jackson and Alonzo Burns about horse trading. It is said that after a few angry, drunken words Burns drew his pistol and shot Jackson, the ball going into the forehead and coming out at the top of the head. Burns returned to Hampton City this morning, and it is said he confessed to the shooting, but claimed that it was accidental. An uncle of Jackson went over to Virginia and brought him home this afternoon. Jackson is still alive, but unconscious, and it is said he cannot recover. Burns

is under arrest. He is a youth of eighteen, and the son of John M. Burns, a prominent lawyer here. Jackson, the wounded man, is a popular business man, and owns and runs a saw mill in this county.

EXECUTION OF A BRUTAL WIFE-MURDERER.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 28.—Caecilio Uralte, a Mexican wife-murderer, was hanged at Laredo to day. Accompanied by a priest and Deputy-Sheriff Brun, the doomed man mounted the gallows at eight minutes to two, and remarked, "Good sir, I bid you adieu. This is my misfortune. I ask you all to recommend me to God, that my picture be sent to my parents. Nothing more." The drop fell at 2 o'clock, breaking his neck instantly, and in seven minutes he was cut down, taken to the Catholic graveyard, and buried without services. He left a statement, in substance saying that he married in Mexico in 1877, his wife being but fifteen years old. He got into trouble with his mother-in-law, and left for Texas, his wife following him. They did not agree, and she was unfaithful to him. He concluded to punish her one day, using a stick, but the blows were harder than he intended, and she fell in a pool of water. He then held her down until she was subdued, and then dragged her off under a tree. Her friends came and threatened to kill him, and that stirred up his anger, and he hid in the brush and awaited their departure. He then took his knife and cut her to pieces. He said, "I wanted to sever every joint, but her friends came back and scared me off. I was soon captured, and pleaded guilty in the court; but they sentenced me to be hanged. My wife did wrong me, but I did wrong to kill her." This statement is brief. After killing his wife, with fiendish impulse, he cut off her ears and other parts, which were found wrapped in a handkerchief and stowed away in his coat pocket when arrested. The crime has never been equaled in this section for savage brutality.

Beheaded in the Street.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A horrible accident occurred at noon on the 26th ult., on the up-town track of the Second avenue "L" road in Allen street, near Rivington, by which John Henry Koeland, aged twenty-five years, a laborer, was instantly decapitated by the falling of a derrick. Several workmen have been employed at this point laying the foundation for a station. A ladder derrick was placed in position on the east side track, between the two guard rails, for the purpose of hoisting the beams and girders into position. It rested on stout planks which were stretched across the track. The top of the derrick was turned toward the houses on the east side of the street, forming an angle from the base of about forty-five degrees. It was held in position by guys which extended to the west side of the street and by a head-line. The head-line kept the apparatus securely in position to the east, while the guy lines held it back in the direction of the west. The foreman, William R. Damon, instructed deceased to go to the top of the derrick and cast off the head-line for the purpose of lowering the structure to the ground. About half a dozen men were detailed to assist in the operation. When the unfortunate young man had cast off the head-line he made his descent to the track by the fall line attached to the back guys, instead of coming down by the ladder which forms a part of the derrick. His weight caused the apparatus to be drawn backward and to fall with great force. The body of deceased was precipitated on the track, his head hanging over the edge of the guard rail. The descending derrick struck him on the neck and the sharp outer edge of the guard rail acted as a guillotine, and his head was severed from the body. With a dull thud it fell into the street, below, while the body remained lying across the rails. In a second the thoroughfare beneath was stained with the stream of lifeblood which issued from the headless trunk. The horrified spectators, of whom there was a large number, fled in terror, imagining, in consternation, that the road had fallen. The large derrick did not remain for more than a second across the prostrate body of deceased when it toppled into the middle of the thoroughfare. In its descent it struck one of the workmen, named Henry McFarland, of 71 Eldridge street, badly fracturing his nose. He had a narrow escape from being killed, and but for the prompt action of two of his fellow laborers, who caught him before he fell and drew him away, he, too, would have been fatally injured. He was taken to the Tenth precinct station house, where he received surgical treatment. The foreman, William R. Damon, had a narrow escape. He was standing on the track close to the derrick at the moment of the accident. He was struck in the breast and hurled a distance of several feet. Luckily he alighted on the track and saved himself from falling to the pavement by holding on to the ties. His injuries were slight. In the meantime the detached head remained untouched in the street for a considerable period. The workmen were too much frightened to interfere. At last Captain Allaire was informed of the tragic nature of the accident and telegraphed for an ambulance, in which the trunk and head were conveyed to the station house. The severed parts looked as if the decapitation had taken place with a keen-edged instrument. The features presented a calm, natural, lifelike appearance. There was no sign of suffering or horror on the face. Later in the day the father and brother of deceased called at the station house, where they viewed the mutilated remains. Coroner Flanagan subsequently granted a removal permit.

William R. Damon, the foreman in charge, explained the manner of the fatal accident, in substance as recorded above.

Harriet Savilla, the French Canadian woman, who was shot in the breast by her negro paramour, George Harris, at the house of her washwoman in Leonard street, on the 28 ult., died in the Chambers street Hospital on the evening of the 28th ult. She was the wayward daughter of a wealthy Canadian, and had resolved to return to her home and relatives if she recovered.

RIVER PIRATES.

Some Account of the Characters and
Characteristics of the Midnight Buccaneers
Who Infest the Wharves and
Docks of the Metropolis.

The following account of the characteristics and operations of the river pirates who infest the water front of the metropolis, as related by a detective to a reporter recently, will be found of curious interest:

"For the protection of the city's water front there is a harbor police force consisting of about fifty men, whose headquarters are on board an old side-wheel steamer, the Seneca, which, when not on a cruise, is moored at the foot of Eighth street, East River. The men are of the maritime type, accustomed to working boats and are plucky and courageous. Two of the most determined officers of the force are Detectives Patrick Lawler and John Harvey, who have sent many a desperate pirate to State Prison, and succeeded in breaking up several of the most desperate gangs that haunted Slaughter House Point, the Hook Corlears slip. Here is the handcuff we use."

The detective here showed a piece of rope rattling about six inches long, inserted at either end into a button. In case of resistance the officer can handle a river pirate, no matter how desperate, very readily, by slipping a turn of this around his wrist and threatening him with the club.

"River pirates," said the detective, "belong to the lowest sum of that peculiar class of men who

HAUNT THE DOCKS AND PIERS.

One of the most desperate was Jack Shanahan, alias Smoke, a powerful, underized fellow, one of whose arms had been taken off by a hatchet in the hands of a mate of an Havana schooner just as he was leading a gang of pirates over the gunwale of the schooner. Shanahan was the leader of a desperate gang of ruffians. He is now spending his time in State Prison for attempting to chloroform a Boston captain while engaged in robbing the vessel. River pirates are treacherous, clannish and crafty, and would just as soon murder you as steal from a ship's bunker."

"What do they do with their stolen goods?" asked the reporter.

"Why," said the detective, "there are many junk shops along South and West streets, kept by men who have been river pirates, who in many instances are members of the different gangs who operate on the rivers. The stock in many of these places consist of stolen property, for collusion is a leading principle upon which river thieves work. The experienced pirate of the harbor has frequently a pal among the hands belonging to some vessel. During the war two of a noted gang of river thieves that held forth in Caroline street shipped on board a trading schooner running to Charleston. On the return with a load of cotton they notified the gang on shore, who in long boats propelled with muffled oars,

ROWED AT MIDNIGHT TO THE SHIP.

Their confederates were on watch, and the boats were soon loaded with bales of cotton, bags of coffee and other valuables.

"It is among the smaller craft in the river, such as schooners, that the river thieves find a wide range for their operations, as slack watch is kept at night. They know when a schooner is to be unloaded, so you will see that they are an organized gang and must have a leader who makes it his business to keep track of the plying schooners.

"Ed. Coakley, now in Auburn Prison, was one of the most audacious of the gang. He would board a vessel at night, handcuff the captain, put the watch to sleep with ether and then rob the vessel."

The detective led the reporter to the end of Corlears slip, and as it chimed midnight they seated themselves on the dock from which the notorious Border Gang start or return from their midnight depredations. The detective said:

"If a cargo has been lately disposed of the river thieves are aware of it. The chances are that the captain of the schooner has money in his cabin, and has gone on a spree, and returns on board at a late hour drunk. Silently in the dark the thief pulls to the schooner with two of his 'pals,' climbs on board and proceeds to lay hands on such marine stores as may happen to be lying around, which he drops over the side to his

CONFEDERATES IN THE BOAT.

"One class of thieves do not go in for rope, sugar, cotton, etc., but money and the captain's jewelry. This class have all the craft and skill of a practiced burglar. They are at any time liable to be killed, as all captains now sleep well armed. A river burglar takes all chances, and if there happens to be any obstacles such as locked doors, he removes them with a 'jimmy' or short, well-tempered iron bar, with a claw at one end. The pirate then enters the captain's cabin, where there is always a dim light burning, and proceeds to rifle the bunk trunks. Should the skipper be awakened by any untoward noise he is at once either chloroformed or put to sleep with a sand club or 'billy.' Should the blow kill him he is carried to the side of his vessel and thrown overboard. After the pirate has disposed of his victim he rifles the cabin of all valuables. Sometimes the mate or one of the hands awakes in the nick of time, but of late years arms were seldom at hand and the slung-shot of the robber is always

READY TO AID HIS RETREAT.

Sometimes the river thieves are shot dead or badly maimed while boarding a vessel at the dead of night."

"I suppose," said the reporter, "there is many a tragedy enacted on the river that never comes under the notice of the police?"

"Why, yes," said the detective. "Many a mate or captain has had his throat cut or been chloroformed and drowned while out of his mind and afterward advertised as missing. I remember a case about ten years ago, when the mate of an Havana vessel that lay off Bay Ridge ready to sail was confronted at daylight by a powerful ruffian who had just slid over the bulwarks on to the dock. The pirate aimed a

blow at the mate with a heavy slungshot, but missed him. The noise awoke one of the crew, who struck the robber with a belaying pin, killing him. His body was thrown overboard, as the ship was about to sail."

"How can these pirates escape detection?"

"Why, these fellows are so well acquainted with all the slums, hooks and docks along the river that they can find them by groping for them in the dark. Among the principal haunts of the river pirates at night is Slaughter House Point, in the Fourth ward. It is here, in conjunction with sailor boarding-house runners, and discharged sailors, that many of the

LARGE ROBBERIES ARE PLANNED.

All along the Hudson River Railroad these organized gangs that infest the North River have their haunts and stow away their stolen booty. The neighborhood of Gowanus is also frequented by these criminals, and at Staten Island there is a desperate gang, while all along the East River, from the Battery to Jones' Woods, large gangs of river thieves of all classes and grades hold forth."

"Where are the principal haunts of these criminals?" asked the reporter.

"The low haunts and boarding-houses in Mackerelville are full of river thieves, burglars and criminals of the worst type. Cherry, James and Water streets are the principal haunts of the East River gangs. There is scarcely a dance-hall keeper in Water, James or Cherry street that does not harbor and deal with river pirates, and when we want them on suspicion, that is where we find them. The dance-house keeper has frequently followed business as a river thief, and is usually in league with these gangs."

COLLIDING WITH A LEVIATHAN.

A Thanksgiving Fishing Excursion and
the Big Fish They Ran Into.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"When we started from Pier 1 this morning," said Captain Al. Foster, after he had returned from his Thanksgiving codfish expedition on the 27th, "we had on board 128 passengers. The William Fletcher is not a large boat, but she could carry this number very comfortably. Some of them wanted to run to the southward, but the weather was so fine and the water so smooth that I made up my mind to go eastward, thinking we should get better fishing there. We hove to off Hog Inlet, and fished for an hour, but though nearly every one had a line over the side no body got even a bite. This was rather discouraging. For three years no such thing had occurred with me before, and I didn't know what to make of it. At last I hauled up the anchor and ran further to the south. I was at the wheel myself, and we were between the shores of Sandy Hook and Rockaway and about eight miles southeast of the Highlands when I saw a jet of water rise into the air about half a mile ahead. It was followed by another and another of the same kind. I knew at once that it was caused by a whale, but as the spout was not more than twelve feet high I thought it was a very small one, for a full grown whale usually throws up the water about forty feet. However, large or small, I knew that it would be

A CURIOSITY TO MY PASSENGERS.

"Nobody on board had noticed it but myself, so, after I had pointed it out to my brother, I told him to send the boys forward to have a look at it. It was almost dead ahead, and with very little alteration of the steamer's course I bore directly down upon it.

"The whale continued to spout at intervals, and though he did not send the water higher than at first, I began to think as I got closer that he was not quite so small as I had supposed. He frequently threw his body half out of the water, and I could see that he was black. When we were within a quarter of a mile of him I judged that he was about fifty feet, but the nearer I approached the larger I supposed him to be. At last I slackened speed and ran very slowly toward him. He made no effort to get out of our way, and seemed to be indifferent as to whether he came in collision with us or not. The passengers were greatly excited, and wanted to see him still closer; so, to satisfy them, I ran on until I don't believe there was much more than fifteen feet between our bow and the whale. Suddenly he whirled around and swam across our bows. Up to that point I had been keeping a little to one side of him, so as to pass without touching him, but now I saw that there was great danger of a collision, and as the creature rose high in the water I was able for the first time to see

NEARLY HIS ENTIRE LENGTH.

At the very lowest estimate he must have measured eighty feet, and some of the passengers, good judges of such matters, were satisfied that he was not less than a hundred and fifty feet long. It was clear that it would never do for us to strike such a monster as that, so I threw the wheel hard-a-starboard, and just shaved by his tail. I tell you there were not many inches to spare.

"I have seen a good many whales in my time," added the captain, "but never one so large as that before. Nor have I ever seen one, until this morning, nearer than half a mile from where I was. The water, just where we saw this fellow, was deep, but had he run in towards the shore on either side he would have soon been aground. I may say that after this experience we found other fishing grounds and were very successful, catching a great many cod, and more blackfish than I have seen taken on any excursion I have made this season. My brother caught one weighing eight pounds."

At Fort Worth, Tex., on the 1st, Mrs. Ney cowhided her husband's partner, Ed. Kelly. The two partners, with their respective wives, had occupied the same house. One night lately, when Ney was on duty, Kelly sent his wife off to sit up with a sick lady. He then made improper proposals to Mrs. Ney. Ney afterward caught Kelly, and proceeded to pound him with a six-shooter. Kelly attempted to level his gun, when they were separated, and arrested.

THE TRAMPS' PARADISE.

How the Vagrant of the Pacific Coast Lives in Clover in the Metropolis of the Far West.

LOAFING AS A FINE ART.

Dwelling in a Climate Where the Wind and the Free Lunch Are Alike Specially Tempered

TO THE NEEDS OF THE HOMELESS BUM.

The stranger from the East, after he has expressed his astonishment at the amount of ground San Francisco has straggled over, at its acreage of bay-window and its great number of hotels, restaurants, theatres, beer saloons and concert gardens, says the San Francisco Chronicle, will tell you that he is amazed at the absence of beggars. He will probably ask you what patent plan has been devised for keeping the tramp and the professional street beggar in proper bounds. He will point out the absence of the free soup kitchens by which the charitable but misguided Bennett endeavored to bolster up the limp New York tramp several years ago. He will assure you that he has not been approached more than once or twice by the consumptive young man with the hectic glow on his nose who beseeches you to solace the orphan's woes with ten cents. He will grow quite eloquent in depicting the pleasure he feels in the assurance that a stroll in the evening will not bring him every other block in contact with a woe-begone woman, holding a weazen-faced baby in one hand and churning away on a wretched little hand-organ with the other. He will tell you that these aspects of street travel are so common in New York as to have become commonplace. And then, if he is of an inquiring mind, as most tourists are, he will propound these knotty conundrums: Why is it that the

SAN FRANCISCO BUMMER SELDOM BEGS?

How does the local tramp preserve that full-fed heartiness which would do credit to his superior in the world of loafdom, the ward politician? By what means does he maintain that jaunty air of perfect self-complacency under a weight of dirt, rage and general seediness which ought to crush any biped but at Digger Indian? Of course, you give it up while acknowledging the truth of his observations. Daily familiarity with the city bum has blunted the point of these inquiries, but there is no question that they involve some nice distinctions in the effect of climate on character which would have pleased Buckle or Taine. The vagrant who has deadheaded his way across the continent becomes a new man when he has reached this paradise of tramps. First and most important, he has left behind him a harsh winter, with snow and sleet and nipping winds. Then he has exchanged cities where even the refuse of garbage barrels is instantly pounced upon by a small army of lynx-eyed watchers, for a place where a fair living may be gleaned from the lavish

WASTE OF MANY HOUSEHOLDS.

Instead of seeking the protection of station-houses, he can sleep comfortably in secluded spots about wash-houses, or in the many nooks and corners which the wharves afford, or on the small craft which bring produce to the city market. The mercury seldom sinks so low as to fraternize with Jack Frost, and rarely becomes ambitious enough to coquet with the nineties. In this happy mean, which signifies long, sunny days, the tramp lives a lotus-eater's life. Devious are the ways of tramps, and many and ingenious are the methods by which they maintain an existence. Street beggary and applications for aid at business offices have been practically abandoned. Sneak thieving and "beating" cheap restaurants and coffee saloons are their main reliance. Occasionally they fall into the clutches of the law for theft, but as a rule their stealings are so pitifully small as to save them from arrest. The tramp's plan is, generally, to select some neighborhood which is not patrolled with extra zeal. Then he devotes himself for several days to a careful observation of the habits of the tradesmen who supply the various households with provisions. In this way he gathers a mass of facts, by the aid of which he may "work a milk route," lay for bread, or turn his hand to any scheme for intercepting supplies which a suggestive mind may furnish. By frequent changes of his base of operations he may carry on his

PETTY PICKINGS AND STEALINGS INDEFINITELY.

When he tires of this he may shift his quarters to the business portion of the city. Here opportunities surround him on every side, and dull-witted must be he who fails to make the public satisfy his humble wants. The proprietor of the cheap restaurant wages a constant warfare with the tramp. Unless he knows the vagrant to be a "beat" he is loth to refuse him a meal. When the food is eaten the only satisfaction left to the victim is to "fire out" the tramp or turn him over to a policeman. A popular restaurant on Commercial street is the scene of frequent ludicrous encounters between the infuriated proprietor and the refreshed tramp. Occasionally one will see a tattered man or boy come flying out of this place; that is the meek tramp who trusts in discretion and length of limb. Again, a crowd will be gathered about the door to witness a desperate struggle with a burly bum who has dined at the expense of the establishment. The proprietor is not a harsh man, but he waxes wroth at the deceit of these unprofitable customers. Said he recently, after a sanguinary encounter with a tramp, in which he came out second best: "I don't mind givin' a man a meal if he is only honest enough to tell me he is strapped and wants grub, but what riles me is to have an overgrown rough stow away two-bits' worth of provender, France up to the counter and say he's got no coin. Then I generally

REACHES FOR HIM AND CALLS FOR A 'COP.'

I know if the police get him he'll be sent up for ten days, and that's some satisfaction. The only way to cure these fellers is to flog 'em. There's a heap more persuasion in a lash than in anything else. They just laugh at being shut up; it means grub and lodgin', though both are precious poor." A favorite haunt for tramps who are not completely "dead-broke" is about the Stock Exchange. You may see them strolling listlessly through Pauper alley. In pleasant weather they line the railings at the corner of Montgomery and California streets, presenting as fine a picture of dignified seediness as one would wish to see. They usually sit like so many crows on the top rail, croak dismally over the failure of a "boom" in stocks and expend their energy in efforts to expectorate without hitting passers-by. They also help to vitiate the air in the Stock Exchange, and they are an offense in the nostrils of all whom business calls into that neighborhood. They compose the bulk of the idle crowds that loiter about newspaper bulletins, and they are always eager to join in any demonstration which seeks to present the

CLAIMS OF THE WORKINGMAN.

Another lounging-place, dear to the heart of the tramp, Portsmouth Square, with its comfortable benches. Here may be seen a rare collection of "looped and windowed" raggedness. The habits of this retreat—and very few others ever enter this square—are fond of relieving the tedium of loafing by visits to the court rooms in the old city hall. Any criminal case which promises to reveal disgusting details is sure to bring out a large number of these unwashed philosophers, who may be heard after court hours arguing on the points of the cases, and passing no mean criticism on the ability of the lawyers in charge. At nightfall, if the fog should come doling in from the sea, the tramp pulls himself together and goes slouching off into the gloom, only to appear at the customary hour on the following morning. The tramp is never happier than when lounging at full length on a bale of hay on a sheltered wharf. This, if he has tobacco to chew, is his ideal of bliss. The more enterprising loafers occasionally lend a hand in the loading or unloading of vessels, but the majority seem to prefer the doctrine of altruism in labor. They keep a bright lookout for opportunities to pilfer from the freight which lines the wharves, and a cargo of fruit or vegetables must be jealously guarded indeed, upon which the tramp does not levy tribute.

In the early morning the passenger who disembarks from a river steamer may see

THE AWAKENING OF THE TRAMPS.

They appear from every conceivable place. The dainty vagrant rolls out from among the folds of the mainsail of a sloop that is loaded with brick or hay. The veteran, who has conquered all his early prejudices, will emerge from a dusky corner of the wharf with the distinguishing sign of the granger in his hair. Ill-clad figures seem to spring up from all sides. The morning toilet is very brief. Neither water nor soap forms a part of it. It consists of a general shake to see that all parts of the frame still hang together; an exchange of tobacco among the aristocrats, and a general pointing toward the cheap whisky saloon. The lowest depth of destitution among tramps is betokened by the inability to buy a glass of beer or "forty-rod" whisky.

The tramp of this city is peculiar in one respect—he has little fondness for the country. Perhaps his long journey overland satisfies his passion for extensive rambling. But be the reason what it may, he clings tenaciously to the city and limits his walks to short excursions into the foothills. In this way the faces and figures of many tramps become very familiar to one who is accustomed to walk about the city and note the peculiarities of street life. Many are the strange ways of these vagrants. One who seems the incarnation of the tramp's lowest estate, goes daily through a singular routine. He is short of stature, and with his long black hair and beard, looks like a Mexican. Upon his head is a coarse straw hat, with the wide brim pushed straight up in front; a sack-coat of no definite color, a gray woolen shirt, trousers that hang in tatters about his huge, patched shoes—all these make up one of the most demoralized-looking wretches that the fertile imagination of a negro minstrel ever brought forth. His face is ghastly pale in contrast with his jet black hair; his eye is the eye of a dead fish.

WITHOUT LIFE OR LUSTER.

He shambles along with bent shoulders and hands buried deep into his trousers-pockets. Every morning about half past 9 o'clock he comes slowly up Commercial street, looks wistfully into the restaurant windows, crosses Montgomery street, and steers straight for a money-broker's office on the next corner. There he usually loiters for about ten minutes, seeming to feast his eyes on the symmetrical piles of gold and silver which are neatly arranged behind the glass. His face now shows occasional gleams of animation; the gold seems to root him to the spot, and he tears himself away reluctantly and passes around in front of the sub-treasury. Here he stations himself near the door, and watches with eager interest the clerks and messengers who arrive with bags of coin. The musical clink of the money on the counter appears to revive old recollections, for he falls into a listless attitude, and at last, with evident effort, he starts toward Kearny street and is lost to sight in the crowd of that thoroughfare.

Perhaps a strict arrangement would include the hoodlum among local tramps, but this peculiar growth of the city stands out distinct and alone. He is not to be grouped with the common vagrant, as, though he has absorbed all the known vices, he has added a certain finish to his natural depravity which makes him worthy of separate treatment and a full length study.

A strange relic has just been presented to the State of Arkansas. It is a white leather belt with the imprint across it of a bloody hand. It was worn by Colonel Archibald Yell, who, fighting desperately on the field of Buena Vista, got a fatal wound, and in trying to tear away the belt left red finger marks.

KILLED AT A CONVENTION.

Terrible Row and Loss of Life at a Philadelphia Political Meeting.

[Subject of Illustration.]

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 2.—One of the old-time political fights was started to-day in the Fifth ward. The result may be summarized as follows: One man killed, one man's face split open, one man (the notorious Jimmy Kane, recently out of prison after serving seven years) with a bullet through his hand, Squire McMullen pretty well beaten by a mob and an indiscriminate mangling of noses. McMullen was with difficulty rescued by the police, who cleared the building. Two men were arrested for the shooting. The excitement continued till a late hour, and there were crowds in the streets in the vicinity till near midnight.

At 10 o'clock this morning the Fifth Ward Democratic Nominating Convention met for the purpose of selecting delegates to the convention to nominate police magistrates and the state convention. It was understood that the name of Mr. George M. Dallas would be brought up for the senatorial delegateship and be sustained by the Randall interest, and that with a strong probability of being elected Mr. Thomas J. Barger would be urged for the same position in the anti-Randall interest.

John H. Campbell, chairman of the convention, ordered the call of the roll, when a delegate shouted out of a window, "It is a set up thing to beat Randall." A large crowd had gathered outside in anticipation of a row, and

A RUSH WAS MADE FOR THE DOORS.

Alderman McMullen, leading a large band of politicians and workers from the Fourth ward, attempted to enter the hall, and a lively struggle took place at the door. McMullen's party finally succeeded in breaking down all barriers, and rushed pell-mell into the convention hall, and by force of arms took possession.

The fight was short, but very hot. Pistols were drawn on both sides, and four shots were fired, fortunately without killing anybody. One man was knocked down stairs, and two frightened delegates dropped from the second story window to the pavement. The chairman escaped from the rear second story window and made good his retreat into the street.

The district police summoned assistance, and at 12 o'clock Lieutenant Crout with twenty reserves hastened to the scene and posted his men in front of the building to be ready in case of emergency. The lieutenant went up into the convention room. McMullen wanted the police to distinctly understand that the convention was going to be organized right, which meant that he would take the chair. He soon retired, failing to command attention.

The bar-room meanwhile filled up with roughs, and a general fight ensued. Several shots were fired, and a moment later the news spread that a man had been killed. A carriage drove up, and the body of Barney Riley was bundled into it. He was unconscious and

DIED BEFORE AID COULD BE REACHED.

The shooting of Riley caused a lull in the fight. The convention had broken up in confusion, and the police at once set to work to arrest participants in the shooting. It was impossible, in the excited crowd that filled the saloon and thronged the pavement, to identify the person who fired the fatal shot, but George Trenwith and Thomas Ryan, who had been prominent in the conflict, were led off and locked up. Charles McManus, a notorious character, who had been seen to raise his revolver over his head and fire in the direction where Riley stood, was missing, and the police were unable to find him up to a late hour to-night.

Several persons were wounded, and Alderman McMullen, leader of the Randall faction, was severely beaten. General surprise is expressed at the fact that but one person was fatally hurt. Nearly every man in the crowd appeared to be armed. Some had revolvers, others knives, and several had both; others had revolvers and blackjacks. The delegates who were in the hall before the row are loud in denunciation of McMullen, and say if it had not been for his uncalled-for interference no disturbance would have occurred.

The row was nearly duplicated in the Fourth Ward Convention, where McMullen's crowd endeavored to rule. Shots were fired, but fortunately no one was injured. An eye-witness says that shot after shot was fired into the room in which the convention assembled, but they did no harm more than to score the walls and ceiling.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE FRACAS.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 2.—Great excitement attended the democratic primary elections here to-day. The nominations were for police magistrate and city council. Fights occurred at almost every polling place, but the contests in the Fourth and Fifth wards were particularly bitter, as many of the old stagers in these wards had started strong tickets in opposition to those in the interest of Speaker Randall. The worst row of the day occurred in the Fourth ward between the Randall element headed by the notorious ex Alderman Bill McMullen and the anti-Randall-Tilden element. For a time the Tildenites were supreme. They assembled in a hall at Second and South streets, taking with them some of the former supporters of McMullen. The "Alderman" had arranged for a "little picnic" at the corner of Eighth and Shippen street, and when he discovered the Tilden men had the advantage of him he determined on

IMMEDIATE VENGEANCE.

Indeed, the anti-Randall men had withdrawn to the heart of the Fifth ward, where "Alderman Bill" has no influence except such as he used to-day—the bowie knife and revolver.

McMullen took his "heelers" to the Tilden meeting determined to break it up at all hazards. He appeared at the convention and was promptly ejected. This was the signal for a fight. The worst elements of the city were represented on both sides. It was rough

against rough. Breaking in the door the McMullenites rushed pell-mell into the hall and a short and bloody contest ensued. Four shots were fired, one entering the hand of a notorious rough named Jimmy Kane and another grazing the cheek of Michael Garry. The convention was completely stormed, the invaders blocking the doorways and forcing the Tilden men out of the windows, after the fashion of a certain Butler coup at Worcester, Mass., last year. The chairman of the meeting dropped his gavel, then was himself dropped out of a second story window. Before the defeated party had time to form for a return blow the news of the trouble had reached police headquarters, and a squad of reserve police under command of Lieutenant Crout had been

ORDERED TO THE SCENE.

McMullen intended to reorganize the convention according to his own ideas and with his own followers, just as he has been accustomed to do, and was proceeding a la Tweed when the blue coats arrived. The police lieutenant soon appreciated the situation, and ordered the building cleared. A desperate onslaught was made upon the police. In the halls, on the stairs, in the bar room, and even in the garret there were hand-to-hand encounters between the McMullen "boys" and the officers. Pistol shots were heard, daggers and knives gleamed, and chairs were slung around with dangerous force.

As an officer subsequently remarked, it was the worst job the police have had to undertake for several years, but they went coolly to work, first to overawe the mob, then to arrest the leaders. Bernard Riley was shot, as now supposed, by one Charles McManus, but the assassin escaped during the confusion. George Trenwith and Thomas Ryan were arrested as accessories to the crime. Bernard Riley died while being conveyed to the hospital. Trenwith was subsequently admitted to bail, but Thomas Ryan is held to await the verdict of the coroner's jury tomorrow. McMullen will probably get off without punishment, as he has done on several other occasions, on the ground probably that he is a useful man to have around.

The Crimes of a Bandit.

In November, 1878, four Italians, named Rosario Meli, Ignazio Trepani, Joseph Bianchi and Salvatore Messino, members of a secret organization known as "La Mafia," were tried in the Municipal Criminal Court on the charge of robbing a countryman named G. Penelli, in a billiard room on Washington street, San Francisco. The last named of the quartet turned state's evidence against his confederates, and the indictment against him was dismissed. The other three were convicted and sentenced to terms in the state prison, ranging from five years to five years and six months. Meli was the acknowledged chief of the band, and subsequently made an unsuccessful attempt to escape while in the custody of an officer, by throwing snuff in the latter's eyes. The snuff was furnished by one Victor Trepani, who is now serving a term in San Quentin for the offense. The Chronicle, at the time, devoted considerable space to the details of the arrest and trial and the numerous crimes of the desperadoes, and the articles coming under the notice of the Italian authorities has led to a requisition for the extradition of Meli as a fugitive from that country. The demand was made by the Italian minister on the 29th of August last, and President Hayes thereupon issued the necessary papers for his apprehension. Subsequently, Signor Diego Barilla, the Italian Consul at this port, filed with United States Commissioner O'Beirne an application for his surrender. The application contained the following charges of crimes committed by the fugitive in the District of Lentini, Italy: Robbing Giuseppe Serfanti of a gun on the 29th of March, 1866; robbing Angelo Gindici of money on the 29th of April, 1866; robbing Carmelo Cazzetta, Angelo Salafia, Giuseppe Cozzetta and Salvatore Salafia of money on the 1st of May, 1866; robbing, under threats to kill, Casareo DeLaca of money on the 2nd of May, 1866; and on the same day robbing Sebastiano Nitah, Carmilo Traponnetto and Giuseppe Castro of money; killing Vincenzo Galabta on the 11th of March, 1867, by inflicting wounds with a knife. He was indicted for murder and robbery, convicted and sentenced to hard labor for thirty years. Subsequently he escaped from prison and came to America. The prisoner was brought from San Quentin the other day on a warrant issued by the Commissioner. A number of witnesses were examined by Sidney V. Smith, who represented the Italian Consul, among whom was Police Captain Stone, who testified to his arrest and conviction. Commissioner O'Beirne read the charges contained in the affidavit of the Consul, and informed the prisoner that he would be remanded to the custody of the United States Marshal to await transportation to Italy. The prisoner remarked with a smile: "I will get away and come back again." The prisoner was thereupon remanded to the state prison for safe keeping. The papers in the case were forwarded to Washington, and if the President considers the evidence sufficient the prisoner will be delivered over to an agent of the Italian Government. It is claimed that there is evidence sufficient to convict Ignazio Trepani of the murder of one Catastana, in the hills back of Saucelito, about a year before his arrest for robbery. He admitted the murder to Captain Stone, and pointed out to him the spot where the murder was committed. There is other evidence strongly corroborating this admission. It is also represented that there is evidence in existence which would go far towards convicting him of the murder of another man in this state. Should Meli be extradited, it will be the first foreign extradition from the Pacific coast on record.

A Father's Terrible Blunder.

[Subject of Illustration.]

ELIZABETH, N. J., Nov. 29.—George Meyer of Menlo Park, accidentally killed his thirteen-year-old son yesterday afternoon. He was cleaning a shot-gun, not knowing it was loaded, and it went off, the charge entering the boy's hip and thigh. He bled to death before medical assistance could be obtained.

A Stolid Murderer's Death.

WINDSOR, Vt., Nov. 28.—This afternoon Asa Magoon, tried and convicted for the murder, in October, 1875, of Rufus Streeter, near Barre Centre, Vt., expiated his crime on the scaffold. Up to the last he maintained the same stolid indifference which has characterized his conduct ever since his arrest for the murder. Yesterday he partook of a Thanksgiving dinner, consisting of roast turkey and its usual accompanying dishes. He ate heartily and seemed to enjoy the toothsome viands. During the meal he was heard to remark:

"Well, to-morrow I shall not be any better off than this turkey."

Magoon passed his last night on earth quietly, and did not appear to be greatly troubled by thoughts of the approaching execution. A strong guard was placed over him to prevent any possibility of escape or any attempt at suicide, two special keepers being assigned to watch him constantly. The condemned man slept during the greater portion of the night. His slumber was apparently sound, and was not seemingly disturbed by dreams. At an early hour he arose and dressed himself, and during the morning received his friends. Among the first who called was Dr. Watson, the family physician of the Magoons. He had a long interview with the condemned man, a portion of it relating to the subject of the murder, but could obtain no confession from him.

On Friday, October 16, 1875, a most horrible and revolting tragedy was discovered in the town of Barre, Vt., on the main road leading to Washington. It seems that Rufus Streeter, aged a venty, had been for some time separated from his wife, and had been living with Magoon, the assassin, near Corinth. On the day of the murder Magoon and Streeter were seen together in a wagon going toward Barre. They were seen by Hannah Perrin, who lives within fifty yards of where the murdered man's body was found, and at daylight, October 15, they were also seen together by one Clark, a peddler of Topham. Magoon and Streeter were last seen about four o'clock the day before the discovery of the murder at the race course near Barre, after which time nothing was seen of either. The murdered man was stunned by blows and beaten in the roadway, as the marks which were observed on the body plainly indicated. A whip that was the property of Magoon laid in the road. There were also marks of a scuffle. The murdered man had evidently been drawn across the roadway down into a gully, where his face was beaten into a sickening mass on a flat stone. After this had been accomplished two boards were broken from the fence alongside the gully, and the body drawn into a field and left. The clothing about the body was completely cut to pieces. There was a long gash in the throat, extending from side to side, as if made by a butcher's knife. Altogether the murder was as ghastly and fiendish a crime as was ever perpetrated in that section of the country.

Horrible River Tragedy.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 38.—About 8 o'clock this morning the nearly nude body of Thomas Russell,



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MILLE DELAQUIS, OPERA BOUFFE ARTISTE, PARIS.—SEE PAGE 2.

and a short time afterward Captain Andrew McKenzie of the barge Andrew Walton was taken into custody. The cabin of the barge was bespattered with blood, and there were dark red stains along the deck and rails. In addition to these evidences still more damning proof was found in a rusty pair of gas tongues, used for handling iron pipe, and weighing about fifteen pounds, which was covered with clots of blood and human hair of the same color as that of the dead man's. The cuts in Russell's head and face were such as might be made with the tongs.

McKenzie was closely questioned by the officers, but denied any knowledge of the murder. He manifested considerable nervousness during the interview, and occasionally rubbed a spot on his overshoe. The officers asked him what was on the shoe, and he said it was red paint. An examination, however, revealed the fact that the spot was human blood. Other stains were found upon his hands, shirt and cap, and a large red spot on the lining of his coat. In the face of all these damning proofs, McKenzie still had the nerve to maintain that he was innocent. He said that

Russell and himself were the best of friends, and that they had taken supper together the evening before. He left Russell after supper and spent the remainder of the night up to 2 o'clock in the morning at a variety theatre. Then he sought his berth on board the Walton, and was surprised to find that Russell was not in his bed. He accounts for the blood upon himself by the fact that some of the sailors had the nose bleed during the day, and that in getting over the rail he wiped off some of the blood. This story is not credited. To-day a pillow and an old quilt besmeared with blood, with an iron chain around them, were found in the river near the scene of the tragedy.

Captain McKenzie lives in Detroit, where he has a wife and four children. He has sailed the lakes for twenty-six years, and arrived here last Saturday. His daughter aged seventeen years, accompanied him, but last night was the guest of friends in the city, and knew nothing of the murder. McKenzie says that Russell received his pay yesterday, and thinks he must have been murdered for his money. There is no evidence that either of the men had been drink-

ing. The victim lived in St. Charles, Mich., and leaves a wife and family.

Sensational Divorce Suit.

HOUSTON, Tex., Nov. 24.—A rather unusual divorce case was decided in the District Court here to-day, and before Judge James Materson. All the parties concerned have heretofore occupied highly respectable positions in society.

The style of the suit was Hill vs. Hill, Mrs. Carrie Hill, a young and good-looking woman, being plaintiff, who alleged abandonment and lack of support. The suit acquired additional interest from the fact that a young man named McRae, who in his testimony before the Court, alluded to his connection with the Young Men's Christian Association and Sunday-school, figures in it. According to Hill, the husband, he had himself invited the young gentleman to call on his family. Other testimony showed that the husband becoming suspicious of his better half, and affecting to believe her intimate with McRae, called to his aid a local detective, one De Gaultie, who was employed to watch the outgoings and incomings of Mrs. Hill and her supposed paramour. While the detective was engaged in this task, Hill himself according to his own testimony, twenty-three different times and nights secretly crept under the house occupied by Mrs. Hill, and there watched for evidence of her infidelity. To assist him he fell upon the rather odd expedient of running a wire through the floor and attaching it to his wife's room. This part of his testimony and the balance of it was by the court pronounced unworthy of belief. It was further stated that on Hill and the detective breaking open the door of McRae's room they saw the retreating form of lady *en deshabille*. This was by McRae denounced as utterly false. At all events Mrs. Hill won her suit and the divorce was granted.

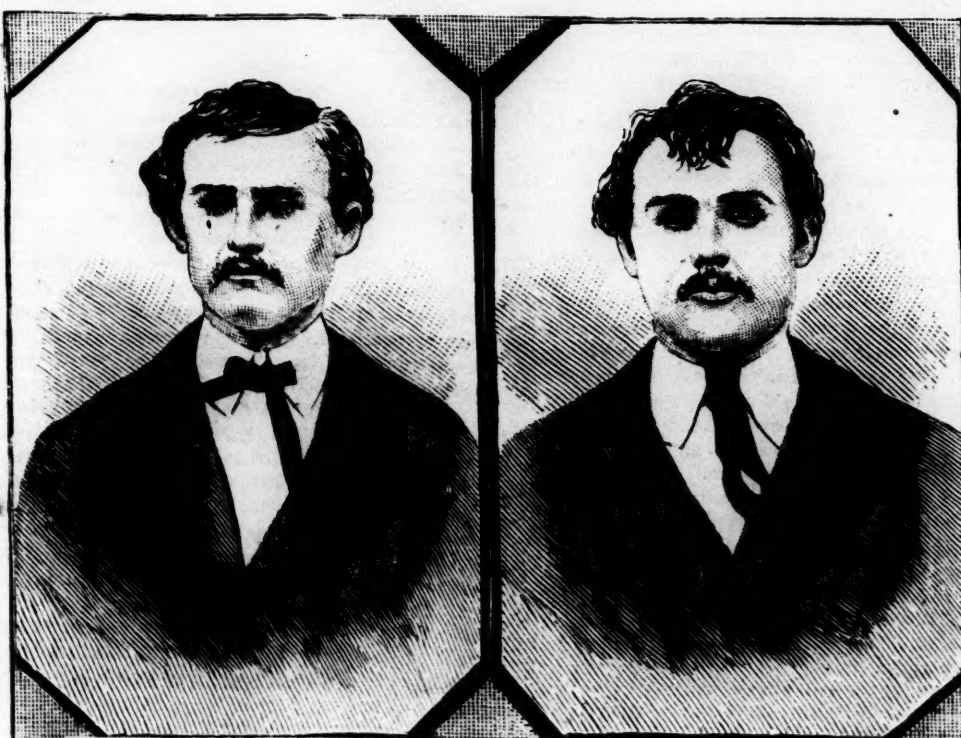
Sanguinary Negro Superstition.

CHAPLIN, Ky., Nov. 28.—The particulars of an awful crime, committed by a negro named Anthony Kelley, at a point twelve miles east of this place, in Chaplin Hills, at an early hour yesterday morning, have just been received here. About three weeks ago an old negro woman, whose name cannot be ascertained, visited that section and announced that she was empowered to work miracles equal to any of the old-timers mentioned in the Bible, and among the many who visited her and believed her racket was Anthony Kelley. She told Kelley that he must murder his mistress, a negro woman known as Kate Miller, and sell her body to the students for dissection, and that by doing so he would be enabled to marry a woman worth \$2,000, who obtained it by the death of her father, who was killed in the United States army. Kelley at first refused to comply with the voodoo's instructions, but the matter seemed to prey upon his mind until yesterday morning, when he got up from bed, found the ax, and, with a deadly blow, made an incision in Kate Miller's neck that caused instant death. A boy fifteen years of age, who was asleep upon the floor, awoke and escaped from the house, which was somewhat isolated, and, after running a mile or two, gave the alarm. Soon



GILES WALKER, RINGLEADER OF A GANG OF BRUTAL NEGROES IN AN OUTRAGE ON MISS DUON, NEAR EDGEFIELD, S. C.

aged sixty years, was seen floating in the Buffalo river, near to where the barge Andrew Walton was moored. The lifeless body was taken from the water and bore unmistakable evidences that Russell had been murdered and thrown into the river. The head and face were terribly battered and besmeared with clots of blood, which the water had failed to wash off. Prompt efforts were put forth to find the murderer,



THE BROWN BROTHERS, EXECUTED AT DENTON, TEXAS, NOVEMBER 21, FOR THE MURDER OF DOC MCCLAIN.



JOHN O'NEIL, ALIAS, KEENAN, CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF JAMES HENSELEY, WHILE PERPETRATING A BURGLARY IN HIS HOUSE, CHICAGO.

two neighbors were aroused and went to the scene, but when they reached it they found the cabin on fire and the body of the negro Kelley in the doorway, where he had cut his throat with a razor and shortly after died. The couple were considered vagabonds, and consequently worthless, but the excitement in the vicinity at noon yesterday was high over the tragedy.



ASTOUNDING IMPUDENCE OF TRAMPS—MR. MCSWEENEY DISCOVERS A PARTY OF ROAD VAGRANTS IN HIS HOUSE, WHO REFUSE TO LEAVE WHEN ORDERED; WILBUR, N. Y.



STORMING A CHURCH—HOW CHARLES NEISSER AND JOSEPH GEIGER OBTAINED ADMISSION TO A CHURCH FROM WHICH THEY HAD BEEN BANISHED; MOUNTAINVILLE, PA.

Storming a Church.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A heathenish scene was enacted at the little Evangelical church at Mountainville, in Salisbury, Lehigh county, Pa., on Sunday, 23rd ult. Rev. Charles A. Bleam and Reuben Litzberger, of Allentown, went over to the village in the evening to conduct religious services. Mr. Bleam read the text, when he was interrupted and the congregation startled by Charles Neisser, a German, who was under the influence of drink, bawling out: "You lie; I know the scriptures better than you!" This remark he repeated and there was a sensation in church. Some of the members of the congregation took the man out and while doing this a friend of Neisser, named Joseph Geiger, also a German and who too was drunk, added to the excitement by letting himself fall and generally deporting himself in a rude manner. He too was carried out, and after the excitement had in a measure subsided the religious services were again proceeded with. The men who were ejected appeared bent on making mischief, and a few minutes later they took a fence rail and rammed against the door. They next battered in a window with the rail and broke a number of glasses. This second interruption so disconcerted all that it was deemed best to dismiss the audience and this was done. The excitement occasioned by this outrage was very great and the feeling against the perpetrators ran high. On the morning of the 25th several members of the congregation lodged information against Neisser and Geiger, and warrants for their arrest were issued. The accused were arrested by constable Yingling and were brought before the aldermen for a hearing. The penalty for disturbing religious services is severe and Neisser and Geiger have been informed. The former is an ore contractor and is said to have considerable means.

Astounding Impudence of Tramps.

[Subject of Illustration.]

EDDIVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 28.—Four tramps, who said they belonged in Brooklyn, made a descent upon the residence of Mr. John McSweeney, in Wilbur, a few days ago. McSweeney was not at home, his two daughters being the only occupants of the house at the time. The young women were frightened, and gave up the premises to the rascals, who took entire possession. They

took off their shoes, and stretched themselves out on the beds, and when McSweeney appeared at the summons of his daughters and ordered them out, they told him that they would not go. He repeated the order, and then undertook to force them out. He laid hands on one of them and a fierce struggle ensued, but McSweeney succeeded in getting the villain out. The four tramps then set to work to destroy McSweeney's property. With sticks, stones, and bottles they began to break windows, door and furniture. McSweeney ran for assistance, and with the help of officers succeeded in getting them to jail. On the following day they were sent to the Albany Penitentiary for six months.

Savage Duel with Knives.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Near Lintdale, Me., P. H. Nicholas owned a cow which trespassed upon land belonging to A. H. Crockett, which had its leg broken in being driven off Crockett's place. They met in the road and quarreled on the 25th ult. Nicholas was in a wagon, coming from Lintdale. Crockett was on horseback. Nicholas threatened to prosecute Crockett for the damages that had been done to his cow; Crockett said "We'll

settle right here." Nicholas said he would go back to his wagon and fix his coffee so it wouldn't spill, and then fight him. Crockett was armed with a pocket-knife. Nicholas with a dirk. They at once engaged in a deadly combat, in which Nicholas' throat was cut from ear to ear in such a terrible manner that his tongue dropped out on the ground. He was cut thirteen times and died at once. Crockett received eighteen cuts, and was butchered almost beyond recognition. He lived but five hours. Both were well-to-do farmers, residing three miles from Lintdale, and each bore the reputation of being peaceable.

A Seducer Roughly Handled.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Nov. 27.—A highly sensational affair occurred in this city last night, in which one of the parties was beaten nearly to death. So far as I can get them, the facts are about as follows:

For some time it has been suspected, if not known, that the woman in the case, Mrs. Thomas Tristler has been untrue to her marital vows; and a man named Richard Baxter is the alleged cause of her seduction from the paths of virtue. The clandestine meetings of these two had, it is said, been carried on for such a length of time without interference that

they at last became more bold, until at length they so openly and publicly expressed their infatuation for each other as to finally culminate in a separation of the man and wife a few days since. The woman returned to the home of her parents, and Tristler boarded out in some other part of the city; but notwithstanding their separation, it is said that Tristler gave his wife his wages every week.

Last night Tristler went to the house where his wife was staying, either to patch up a compromise or to give her some money, and found Baxter engaged in conversation with his wife in the rear of the building. The enraged husband tried to break up the confab, when Baxter drew a revolver and fired twice at him; fortunately neither of the shots took effect. Then Tristler attacked Baxter, disarmed him, and beat and cut him in a terrible manner. By this time a crowd was attracted to the scene by the pistol-shots and sound of the scuffle, and during the excitement Baxter disappeared.

Tristler swore out a warrant for him, when officers Fox and Bartlett began a search, which at last ended in the finding of Baxter in the house of a colored man named Simmons. When found, Baxter was lying upon the floor of the room, and the woman was bending over him. He was a sight; bloody all over the face and clothes, and was bleeding at the ears. His condition was such that it was deemed inexpedient to remove him, and a physician was sent for, who upon examination, stated that the blows received by him, had probably caused concussion of the brain. At this time he is still said to be in a dangerous condition. Tristler has not been arrested, nor is it probable that he will be unless Baxter's injuries take a fatal turn.

For Killing Her Destroyer.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 28.—The Grand Jury at Newport, Ky., to-day found an indictment against Anna Hoff for the murder of Charles Scheuer, on the 14th inst. She was discharged at the preliminary examination, although confessing that she had shot Scheuer because he had ruined and would not marry her.

PORTLAND, Me., Nov. 27.—James Low was arrested to-night on a charge of murdering his brother Joseph, who was found dead in his barn at West Cumberland on September 27. The prisoner denies his guilt.



A DUEL TO THE DEATH WITH KNIVES—FARMERS NICHOLAS AND CROCKETT ENGAGE IN A SANGUINARY COMBAT RESULTING IN THE DEATH OF BOTH, GROWING OUT OF THE TRESPASS OF A COW; NEAR LINTDALE, ME.

MIDNIGHT PICTURES.

A Series of Illustrated Sketches of New York's Gas-Lit Life.

A JEFFERSON MARKET SEANCE.

Examining a Night Haul of the Police Drag-Net, and Its Results.

BY AN OLD BOUNDER.

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.] After the fever reaction. After dissipation and debauchery the sober second thought. After the revel of Sixth avenue the arrest and the station house, wherein reflection comes to add bitterness to the reality of the pangs which accompany sin. Let us take a turn into Jefferson Market Police Court. The police drag has been abroad during the night, and a curious collection of odd fish and strange creatures it has culled. Here is the swell, perhaps the heir to millions. He has been off on a time, has fallen among the Philistines, and now, like any common drat or "bum" of them all, has been hauled up to face the stern visage of justice and receive the sentence of the law. Here is a lady that I have known in Thirty-second street. She formerly kept a place which was well known to the police as one of the most infamous houses of the sisterhood of shame in that sin-stained locality, but somehow she was always able to avoid arrest.

Look at her now. She has fallen still lower, and of her old friends who stood by her in the days when she kept up a scene of vulgar revelry which should have sent her to the Penitentiary, not one would probably step to her side to-day. She has played her hand, and it did not contain trumps enough to see her through. Once she could have commanded at least \$5,000. To-day she cannot raise the price of her \$5 fine to save her from going below. Here is another who deserves mention, a former politician, a man of influence in the ward, but he lost his weight in the ward, he took to drink, and now he is classed among the "bums," and no ward is richer in them.

Living upon the memories of past greatness, they can flourish for awhile, because there is a certain constituency, so to speak, who are obliged to keep them up until they become an unbearable nuisance, a notch at which they will arrive soon enough.

And so they appear before the bar of justice, wrested from the tide of sinful humanity which nightly flows along the great avenue of human life to the ocean of eternity. Jefferson Market Court often presents scenes worthy of the pen of a Dickens. We remember upon one occasion when a young girl was brought before the bar and our artist has depicted the scene. She had been but a short time in the toils of sin, but upon this occasion she had been induced to drink to excess. In her delirium she fought with the officer, who, an anomaly, had a kind heart and endeavored to use her gently. Her cries and gesticulations were, however, soon hushed in the cell to which she was hurried to sleep off the effects of her debauch.

Here are a pair of bums, the regular tramp article. Little does it matter to them where they are placed so they can stretch themselves out and get into a condition for imbibing the succeeding drink. Here comes a load of distressful humanity—a shape modeled after the human form divine, but how fallen! Picked up by a patrolman on the avenue, just outside of one of the faring resorts which contribute to its flashy wickedness, drunk and disorderly, no longer a profitable customer to the house wherein she has obtained the poison which has made her a nuisance, she is hustled out into the street, and then, unable to walk or stand erect, she speedily becomes the prey of the vigilant patrolman, who finds in her an easy means of bringing himself before the notice of his superior officer. And who is this poor wretch? Does any one know her? Yes; a veteran of the station house volunteers the information that she is Sallie Evans, who, less than ten years ago, was proprietress of one of the "swellest" bagnios in all New York. Judges on the bench, lawyers in high standing, professional men generally, well known in the higher walks of life, were familiar visitors at her house. Living as she did under the virtual protection of persons of such influence, she carried on her traffic in the souls and bodies of her sex without restraint. She made money, and would have been rich, but in an evil hour she imbibed a passion for gambling. She drew a \$5,000 prize in the Louisiana lottery, and that made her crazy. It is curious, but liquor and luck in a lottery seem to be inseparable. Never drinking woman before in the real sense of the term, Sallie Evans, after her stroke of so-called luck, rapidly degenerated into a "lush," lost her "grip" by swift degrees, her property melted, she fell to the grade of a street walker, and here she is. Well, such is life; at least such life as we see it on Sixth avenue in the small hours.

Here, again, is a specimen which we should not expect to find included in this catch. A gentleman, undoubtedly. That speaks in every movement of the man, his attire and accent. Chopped and disgusted enough he looks. It is probably his first appearance in this line. He gives his name as William Smith, at which a smile goes around the court, for there are few there but know his real cognomen. A lawyer as well as a journalist, he has frequently sat in judgment upon trembling mortals who stood where he stands now. And what has brought him here? The same leveling curse that has thrown his predecessors at the bar into the same waste-basket of humanity—rum and revelry, the seductive cup and the strange woman. There is the secret of half the vice and misery that afflicts our race. A turn about town with a few friends, an oyster supper with champagne, an adjournment to a stylish bagnio in the model police precinct. All this is in good form enough. But there comes the sequel. Excess adds to excess, until at last, deserted by his so-called friends to whom he has become a bore, he is "fired out" of the stylish brothel, and once on the street, unprotected and disheveled, he ranks simply as a "bum" in police eyes and is taken in, helpless and unresisting as such by the first vigilant "cop" whom he encounters in his aimless wanderings.

Here is a sadder sight—a woman, not long since a girl, pure, unsullied and beautiful. What, in the name of all that is worth remembering, has so soon bridged the awful chasm she has crossed to her present condition. This is the girl who a few months since was known in all the haunts where such as she frequents—the French Madame's, the Cremorne, the Strand—all of the gilded resorts where vice flaunts as long as it can in the robes of respectability. This is Ada Montague, a name which was well known and hailed with acclaim in the flash bagnios and saloons, where she reigned as a queen during her brief lease of butterfly reign.

Now see her, with none so poor to do her reverence, in the rude grasp of a "cop," no more in his eyes than any one of the myriad "drunks" of both sexes whom nightly he hauls into the municipal net.

Once what was she? We have already in these sketches seen her as a "belle of the boulevard," a petted figure in the circle of wild revelers at the "French Madame's," where, apparently the gayest of the gay, she constituted a brilliant integer of that unit of metropolitan life that flashes in the blaze of dissipation and mis-called city life. This girl, like most of her class, has had a history.

A few years since, so recently that it seems but yesterday to those who knew her best, she was the light hearted, innocent and beloved centre of a happy New England home. The tempter came in the form of a plausible scoundrel. She trusted him implicitly. Those who loved her best saw through the flimsy guise of decency he assumed and forbade him the house. Then the restraints of home, which before had been unfeigned, became as fetters of steel which barred her from the object of her devotion.

It was the old story: clandestine meetings, elopement and ruin; woman's trust and man's villainy. Then the swift descent down the broad path through all the phases we have described until the lowest level is reached in the arrest as a street walker and a drunkard. Is there a lower degree of shame and ignominy? Scarcely, for when a woman falls from her high estate of womanhood wherein she is enshrined but little lower than the angels, she falls like Lucifer, "never to hope again," and in that fall is involved all that is worth living or caring for in the existence of woman.

SPORTING NOTES.

JOHN HAWDON defeated Wrightson by two lengths in a mile race, in skills, on the Tyne, Eng., Nov. 10. Time, 6m. 38s.

THE Pacific Bloodhorse Association propose to hold a winter meeting of three days, commencing on Christmas and ending on New Year's.

SAMUEL DAY has left £10 at the London Sporting Life office and asked Blower Brown and George Hazel to meet him and sign articles for a sweep for the championship of England.

E. S. STOKES is en route to this city from California with a number of fast trotters, including Tommy Gates, who, during the past season, trotted with a running mate a mile in 2:10 3/4.

JOSEPH UDELL, owner of the wonderful pacer Sleepy Tom, is reported to have challenged St. Julien, the California trotter, to make a match, to be decided early in the spring, for a big stake.

C. A. HARRIMAN and E. C. Holske are to walk for twelve hours at Bangor, Me., Dec. 25, they having concluded that Xmas would bring more grist to the mill than the day previously selected.

PIERRE LORILLARD's bay colts Cherokee and Friar, not having turned out so well as their owner had expected, were disposed of at Tattersall's, London, Eng., recently, the former bringing 20 and the latter 27 guineas.

A PIGEON MATCH for \$50 a side and cost of birds, one hundred birds each, 21 yds., Long Island rules, was shot by F. Paulding and E. S. Wilson at Plainfield, N. J., Nov. 29. They trapped and handled for each other, and Paulding killed 42 to his opponent's 38.

STEVE TAYLOR is, we understand, rapidly recovering from the mishap which befell him on the occasion of George Rooke's recent benefit. It appears that the blow burst one of the small arteries in the side of his nose, and it was found a very difficult matter to stop the hemorrhage.

DAN LEAHY and H. C. Hoyt, of San Francisco, Cal., were on Nov. 18 matched to row five miles, in shells, for \$500 a side, on Feb. 1 next. Leahy has swept all before him in the past on the Pacific slope, and is also matched to row Cutsford, the half-breed champion of Victoria, for \$1,000 a side, on May 24.

SAMUEL GAMBLE, the California driver, has purchased Steinway, three years old, for \$13,000. The colt is by Strathmore, dam by imp. Albion, and in August last won a race at Lexington, Ky., taking the fourth, fifth and sixth heats in 2:25 3/4, 2:31 1/2, 2:31 1/2, being the best three heats ever trotted by a three-year-old.

W. DE LONG was vanquished by R. C. Church in a fifty-bird match at Bayonne, N. J., Nov. 27, the stakes being \$50 a side and the score 42 to 39. At same time and place, M. C. Benjamin and C. L. Smith shot at 25 glass balls each, 21 yards rise, from a Moli revolving trap, the former winning by a score of 21 to 19.

HALLINAN and SWEENEY, of Virginia City, Nev., offer to make a match to fight a main of cocks according to the conditions mentioned in the challenge of James Fox, of Berstall, Eng., provided the latter will consent to go to Virginia City and fight according to Virginia City, Chicago or Detroit rules, with 1 1/2-inch heels.

TOM MCALPINE ("Soap") writes from San Francisco, Cal., under date of Nov. 22, that he had returned to that place about a month previously, after an absence of two years, and is in good health and spirits. He says that Scotty of Brooklyn (Pat Brannigan) is still pound-master in Sacramento, and that old Bill Davis is running a free-and-easy in Portland, Oregon.

BILLY EDWARDS, Arthur Chambers and Harry Kimberley are to take a benefit at the Opera House, Johnstown, Pa., on Saturday evening, Dec. 6. Kimberley fought a draw with Chambers in Yorkshire, Eng., Nov. 12 1867, the battle, which was for \$50, lasting 1h. 23m., in which time 33 rounds were contested. He had fought Samkiss, Jerris and Bates. He hails from Birmingham, and has been working in Johnstown for about a twelve month.

At Winooska Falls, Vt., Nov. 21, a 27-hour go-as-you-please race was started, \$25, \$15, \$10 and \$5 being offered. Five men took the word, and at the twenty-sixth mile Joe Pav said he had enough. On the forty-third mile Deery followed his example, at the eightieth O'Neal went out, and at the twenty-third hour the race was declared won by the following score: Dennis Murphy, Albany, N. Y., 91 miles; John McConnell, Burlington, Vt., 87; Ed O'Neal, Milton Falls, Vt., 80; — Deery, Winooska Falls, Vt., 43; Joe Pav, Burlington, Vt., 26. The track was 40 laps to the mile. Attendance good.

A MEETING was held at the Clipper office on Friday, Nov. 27, by William Miller and John McMahon, who had previously used up a deal of newspaper ink in challenges and counter-challenges, each in his commendable desire to get the better of his antagonist making propositions which, while calculated to give himself the best possible chance of victory, left little opportunity for the other man to escape defeat. They met by appointment, and, after considerable beating about the bush, entered into a match for \$250 a side, the conditions of which are that they are to wrestle two falls according to catch-as-catch-can rules, and two falls according to Graco-Roman rules, except that tripping shall be allowed (precedence of style to be tossed for), and in case a fifth fall should be required to settle the question, the style in which said fall is to be wrestled must be decided by toss. They agree to wrestle in Cincinnati on or before Dec. 20.

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

The Good, Bad, and Indifferent Restaurants of the Great City.

"AFTER THE OPERA IS OVER"

From Champagne and Game Down to a "Turn" to Coffee and Cakes.

PRETTY GIRLS IN THE DAIRIES.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.] A man who can't satisfy the cravings of his intellect in New York city, or find plenty of pabulum for those baser qualities which demand mere recreation, is an individual whom it would be hard to please.

And equally true is it that the person who cannot break-fast, lunch and dine in this goodly city the year round to his stomach's content, is the one who will be likely to "kick" at the surroundings the morning after his funeral, even if he went straight through to the better of the two stopping places.

Of course you must have money. That is something that you can't take with you when you leave this vale of tears, and I am very glad that such is the case, considering how extremely difficult it is to freeze on to any considerable amount unless you become a burglar or a Fall River treasurer in a mule-spinning mill; you can't take it with you, I repeat, but it is very convenient while you tarry here. It buys bread and butter, porter-house steak with mushrooms and other gastronomic combinations which equip you for the battle of life.

En passant, as Mrs. General Gifford would say, that was a pretty tough story told in the courts a week or so ago about an old Dutchman who tried to "hang up" a Bowery eating saloon for the price of a pork chop and then left a linen duster, which he swore contained \$16,000, as security.

That aged German was very foolish. You never hear of me doing anything like that. I suppose I have worn linen dusters off and on, but principally "on," ever since I was a boy, and I never carried \$16,000 around in the pockets of one of them in all that time. It's too "shiftless like," as Aunt Ophelia in Uncle Tom's Cabin would say.

If I have not already foreshadowed my intention in this paper, I announce it now. I purpose to write of the restaurants of New York and the opportunities presented generally for browsing.

The New York restaurants, to begin with, are the best in the world. This can be said safely, without the slightest fear of contradiction. It is the universal testimonial of all foreigners who look kindly upon Epicurus and his teachings.

They are of the most infinite variety. Every taste can be satisfied. The population of the city is no more cosmopolite than are its kitchens. I can get frog's legs or stewed rat as quickly as I can have a chop served. You need only to know where to go if your taste is fantastic.

The bills of fare suit every purse. I do not care how slender it may be. You can knock a hundred dollar bill into a little loose silver for the waiter at Delmonico's, or you can go in South Fifth avenue or Wooster street and have a dinner in courses for nine cents.

That's luxury. You can do even better, or worse, according to the standpoint from which you look at it. There are places on the Bowery and down about the markets where three and five cents will at least appease hunger. And after all that is the fundamental principle of all eating. When it embraces anything else the collateral idea is generally based on style.

It is quite natural that we should all prefer to dine at Delmonico's or the Cafe Brunswick to munching hard rolls and drinking chicory coffee in a shanty saloon, but each experience is good in its place, and no man's life is complete that is not a gamut sweeping the space between the two extremes. If I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth—and of course I was not, any more than I was born with a \$10 gold piece in my vest pocket and had been fed on bon-bons and syllabub all my life—I would not have possessed that varied experience which now makes my quail and glass of wine seem so delicious after the opera.

On the contrary, I have eaten as extensively as I have traveled, and have frequently been the unhappy owner of an appetite, to possess which a dyspeptic millionaire would give a thousand dollars. It made me unhappy because it attained its full strength and most generous proportions when there was nothing to eat. But that was not in this country, and was most certainly not in New York.

In treating your girl to a lunch after the theatre, where to go depends a great deal upon the girl. Sometimes you are dreadfully fooled, as I was once. This, however, was in broad day light, and I had met the young lady in Union Square just as I was going to lunch. She was a literary young woman and wrote a great deal I know about moonbeams, and hearts that pine away, and all the rest of that rot. What made my invitation of her, to have a bite of something, necessary, was because I was her agent in the matter of these poems. That is, I was the young man who used to get kicked down the stairs of newspaper offices, and fired out of windows for daring to offer her manuscript and expect money for it.

She said at first that she was not hungry, that she had had a late breakfast, and as she spoke this way my heart carolled like a bird, for I only had \$2, and it was a little uncertain in those days when another bill would happen along.

But she finally went in to look on—only to look on, mind you. Then she glanced carelessly over the bill of fare, and said with a theatrical air of astonishment, as if she had been hunting all over New York for the article, "Why, they've got partridge!"

I remember that the bit of turkey sandwich stuck in my throat, and nearly did the sheriff's act for me as I tried to reply in a bantering way. "Have they, indeed?"

"I do adore partridge," she continued; "I think I'll try a half a one."

"What's the use of doing things by halves," I answered, w recklessly, "take a complete fowl, have a covey."

But she took the half—\$1.25. If she had taken the entire chicken I might have been in state prison now, for I recollect that in my mental agony the murder of the proprietor of the saloon, and the setting fire to the place, were but parts of my plan of escape.

As a rule the sentimental young woman who writes about moonbeams is equal to four or five fish-balls as a side-breakfast dish on Fridays.

The kind of lady companion when you go out to spend the evening and have to run the lunch gauntlet in getting home, should be like a married friend of mine. Her husband was an invalid, rarely went out at night, but was never so happy as when his wife, who was very fond of

music and the drama, had an opportunity to attend a performance.

The escorting duty fell upon a rich young man in splendid business down town, and the subscriber, who at that time was up to his ears, via five flights of stairs, in attic philosophy.

I knew that she had been to Delmonico's with the swell, because I had heard it incidentally mentioned, and when my turn came to do the gallant, I rose to the financial occasion only after the most strenuous exertion. But I was fixed, and to all intents and purposes quite as satisfactorily so as if I had been A. T. Stewart.

I was not allowed, however, to assume the gilt-edged style I had been anticipating. She said when I suggested Delmonico's:

"No, I'm tired of Delmonico's and I don't like champagne, at least not all the time. Now I am very fond of beer. Let's have beer and oysters; it's much jollier."

All this, mind you, was done with infinite grace and tact. But these ladies are scarce. I have told the anecdote a dozen times to the fair ones I have had out for an evening, but the story never seemed to have the slightest effect.

The regular French dinners on the *table d'hôte* style are very extensively patronized in New York, but I never go to one unless it is to secure a special dish like macaroni. They take up too much time. I can understand a party, wishing to remain together, putting in hour after hour at one of these restaurants, but just for the mere sake of eating it seems a terrible waste of Tompos. The hotels are adopting the plan of giving a dollar dinner to transients. This is done as opposition to the Frenchmen. You may get a better dinner at the hotels, but you miss the boulevard atmosphere of the other places. I got so thoroughly Parisian by going constantly to a French restaurant in Thirtieth street, that I kept shrugging my shoulders for two months, and only stopped it then by being treated for a nervous affection.

You certainly have your choice among these French dining places. You can pay \$1.50 and you can go to South Fifth avenue and dine for twenty cents, or even for nine, as I said above. There won't be much difference found in the wine, and, so far as company is concerned, it is much more communistic and entertaining in the cheaper cafes.

A great many beer saloons set regular breakfasts, dinners and suppers. I am not a great admirer of Teutonic cookery, but must admit that Frankfurter sausage, brown bread and beer do not go bad on a winter's evening. I never knew what a Frankfurter was made of, and I have no desire to be informed. I know that with horse-radish and mustard it is very appetizing.

The English chop-house is more a specialty in Brooklyn than here. There is a decided charm about the quaint, "snuggery" kind of a bar, the glistening mugs and the shining earthenware "tobies" which the waiter brings you full of foaming ale, while your Welsh rarebit order, steak or chops, as the case may be, is being attended to. When the weather gets real cold these chop-houses become real halls of bewitchery, owing to the insidious effect of warm drinks. The hot water is brought on in a little jug, the sugar and lemon in a saucer and the Scotch whiskey in a bottle by itself. I am taking it for granted that justice has been done to a good meal and the hot grog is to build you up for the ferry side. There's the great trouble. To be dead sure that you will be braced up for the ferry you have some more, and—

Well, there is hardly any use in being too particular. I know one young man who lives at 150th street who left the "Abbey" in Brooklyn after getting primed against the ferry, and they found him next morning in a Coney Island bath-house.

Outside of these English places Brooklyn is singularly deficient in good restaurants, is worse even than Philadelphia, where they have the best markets and private tables in the world, but the meanest restaurants to be found anywhere. Their hotel tables are also poor.

Way down town the dairies, creameries, "dime" restaurants and pie and milk places abound. Between 12 and 3 o'clock these establishments do a rushing trade. They employ pretty girls—fresh, neat, trimly-built young persons—who represent that decent middle class of society which furnishes the bar-maids in England. Young clerks who go fluttering about these bright-eyed creatures with light-waisted pocketbooks or anything but the most honorable intentions are apt to get seriously fooled. I knew a colony of girls, a regular flock of turtle doves, who had taken three or four rooms in a tenement in Vandewater street.

The young man who took me around there had made a tremendous error in his calculations—a fact of which I apprised him before he had been in the place ten minutes. We all drank beer and sang songs, and I must confess that these pie and pudding wrestlers were very agreeable company, just a trifle more free than the young lady in her ma's parlor, but with an air of business about them and a constant tendency to talk about matrimony, which showed which way the wind was blowing.

My friend took one of them to the theatre, and nothing but the Cafe Brunswick would suit her. She had all her canvas spread and looked as if she boarded there regularly. But she was up all the same the next morning at 5 o'clock, slipping it to her calico dress and getting ready for the day's campaign in Nassau street.

All in good time my friend was sued for breach of promise, and was fed for a while from the *cuisine* of Ludlow street jail. He weakened there and got out by marrying her. This was over a year ago, and he told me no later than yesterday to congratulate him. He is a father.

Tonjours the milk business!

The American slap-dash restaurant, with its fifteen cent meats, is too well known to need description. I never eat in one if I can possibly avoid it. It is too much like a game of base-ball. Neither can I stand up at a bar and grab at things over a man's head, as they do sometimes in the Astor House rotunda. I would rather go over to Park row and try the coffee and cake saloons, institutions that are peculiar to New York. They make an oyster pie there that I am sure is an infringement on the India rubber patent.

But there goes my dinner bell. I must stop. We have turkey to-night, and I notice that the first served get a better chance to study the succulent peculiarities of the bird than those who come in to find the noble insect looking like a Jersey barn with the stuffing knocked out of it.

FRED PLAISTED has followed the example set by Frenchy Johnson, and gone South, but not with the same destination or object in view: for, while the dusky sculler's objective point is Jacksonville, Fla., where he goes to show the inhabitants of the Land of Flowers how to scull fast and gracefully, Fred has set sail for New Orleans, La., to fulfill an engagement to swing Indian clubs in public. He sailed from New York on the steamer Hudson at 3 p. m. Nov. 29, a party of friends gathering to give him a farewell "shake" and a cheering "send-off." Plaisted has rowed against all the best men in the States and has, adas in matches and regattas, and we bespeak for him a warm reception at the hands of the Crescent City knights of the oar, who will find him an adept with scull and clubs, and a good fellow to boot.

CITY CHARACTERS.

ONE OF THE N. G. S. N. Y.

The Bold Militiaman Whose Presence Makes All Secure.

BY COLONEL LYNX.

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]

Although all my tendencies are naturally of a war-like complexion—to that degree, indeed, that I would sooner smell gunpowder than live near a Williamsburgh oil refinery—still I never gushed much over the militia.

I recognize the importance of the institution, of course, and no one is more enthusiastic than myself when there is a review being held and the splendid "7th" comes swinging down Broadway, with the ladies waving handkerchiefs from store windows and hotel balconies, and the Flemings of the police clubbing, jabbing and poking those who unfortunately occupy the front line of spectators.

It is needless for me to state that I was a constant visitor at the 7th's Armory Fair. My martial form loomed up among other warriors to an embarrassing point of notoriety, and in the evening I wore all my Mexican and Seminole decorations. I flatter myself that the impression I created among the fair sex can be qualified by no other adjective than "stunning."

That is the night they roped me into six raffles, or drawings. I wanted a meerschaum pipe, and I succeeded in winning a blue satin pin-cushion.

It has always been so with me in this life; I never loved a dear gazelle, and, in fact, I wouldn't have one of them about to cheer me with its coal-black eye, or to perform any other service, and so I can't use that somewhat trite quotation to express disappointment; but I never sighed figuratively for a meerschaum that it didn't turn into a pin-cushion.

My experience was a contribution to the success of the fair and I do not begrudge it. There remains now the difficult problem of presenting this pin-cushion to some young woman in a manner at once so polite and yet distant that she may not detect in it any amatory intent either immediate or prospective.

Perhaps my dislike for the militia had its origin in rooming once with a young man who had drilling musters and roll-calls on the brain. This was a good while ago, before I had won my own spurs on the genuine tented field. Scott's tactics were just being superseded by Hardee's, and I was forced to listen to explanations touching the differences to be noticed in the drill details. The position of the little finger in its relation to the seam of the pantaloons always struck me then as something on which the fate of battles, and consequently that of nations, must naturally depend, so profuse were the directions in the book touching such positions.

But it wasn't all this minutiae that annoyed me. Too much drilling is naturally a bore, but I stood it manfully. It was when the young warrior came home drunk, which was every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and insisted upon getting into bed with me "accoutred as he was," bayonet and all, that I kicked. His continually borrowing my white trousers on inspection days and bringing them home to me with mud up to the waist—a pure waste of mud—was also annoying.

Then his conversation. Like all men with a hobby, he became a nuisance. The squad, the company, the regiment, were never-failing subjects for his martial monologue. The sudden coming to the house of a young lady who had a brother in the navy was hailed with delight. We looked upon the circumstance as an antidote for the military poison, and so applied it. Everything became nautical, much to our militiaman's intense disgust. The young ladies sang "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and I went to the extravagance of doing the hornpipe for them in the most approved foxtrot style.

I don't wish anyone to understand that I am decrying the militia system. I consider the National Guard of the State of New York an institution of which to be proud, while the drill experience of the army is undeniably a good thing physically for our hollow-breasted, narrow-chested young men, whose chief exercise during the day would appear to consist in hopping from one high stool to another, not exactly like the chamois, because there are no stools in the Alps for the chamois to hop on, but in their general style. It gives the young guardsman an erect attitude and an idea of discipline which is in itself a valuable acquisition. I merely meant in my seemingly derogatory remarks to express my own sentiments on the subject. Having waded in blood I naturally long for a life of peace. Knowing what it was to serve and command, I now appreciate the most untrammelled liberty. If I belonged to a regiment I would be paying fines continually, and would be robbed of the pleasure of sitting in the windows with the pretty girls and watching the gallant fellows go by.

I wouldn't mind being a colonel, but even the pomp and glory of that position are only maintained at an immense expense. It is a very responsible position, too. You are answerable for the conduct of your men. Think of the embarrassing attitude in which Colonel Charles Spencer would be placed should a loaded brewery wagon pass by just as he had sounded the signal for a charge upon the enemy!

Jim Fisk was a colonel, but when the draft riots happened, he found that his exalted position didn't enable him to get over back-yard fences any faster than if he had been a mere private.

It's very nice, also, to go down Broadway at the head of your regiment, but even then all a man's joy may be dissipated by his horse. Better far to own your horse and accustom him to the circumstances of war, but every one can't do that, and when it comes to trying to make a hired second avenue car steed assume the gait of a trooper's charger the result is not always satisfactory.

It's better, however, than being astride of a milkman's Rosinante, for they want to dash down every street that forms a part of their daily route.

There is one advantage about being a militiaman that mustn't be overlooked. All the handsome young fellows are great favorites with the ladies. I found it to be the case when I was young, and even now when I dress up to go to the annual dinner of the 1812 veterans—but no matter. There is something in the military idea which particularly suits the feminine mind. In the opera of "La Grande Duchesse" this adoration is beautifully expressed by the instantaneous admiration conceived for Fritz by the Duchesse. It's very nice to be that kind of a soldier.

The conservative, peaceable element is a strong one in the community and must be respected. There are Quaker Societies who wish our army reduced, and you see how elegantly it is being done by the Ute and other Indians.

Bobby Burns, the poet, was opposed to all soldiering. Do you not remember that verse:

Let those who wish to go to war,

Give me my peace and plenty—

I'd rather be the life of one,

Than be the death of twenty."

I am afraid that Bobby was very industrious in living up to the principles of these lines.

ROUNDOABOUT RUMORS.

YURA JIM, an Indian, on Nov. 16, ran five miles against time in 58m. 49s., at Los Angeles, Cal.

W. CUMMINGS and Dickenson are to run one mile, for Sir John Astley's champion belt and £25 a side, at Lillie Bridge, London, Dec. 6.

A GAME of football was played by the Olympia fifteen and a team of seventeen from the St. George and Columbia Rowing Clubs at Oakland, Cal., Nov. 23, the latter side winning.

CAPTAIN GRANDIN, for a wager of \$100 that he could not do the job in eleven hours, the roads being in a very bad condition, walked from Jumbtown, N.Y., to Warren, Pa., 21 miles, in 7h. 20m., Nov. 23. The captain tips the beam at 246 lbs.

MISS MAGGIE ROWELL won the 56-hour contest at Allston Hall, Boston, commencing Nov. 24 and closing at 11 p. m. 29. Scores: Maggie Rowell, 145 miles; Mattie Davis, 116 miles; Lottie Irwin, 91 miles 20 laps; Jennie Chase, 80 miles; Kittie Sherman, 68 miles 24 laps; Ella Kenyon, 54 miles 24 laps; Ada Keene, 48 miles 8 laps.

JIMMY ELLIOTT and Mike Donovan gave an exhibition at Portland, Me., last week, and were greeted by a houseful of people. The stars were well supported by "talent" which they took with them, the set-tees being between Elliott and Tom Early, Mike Gillespie and Jimmy Gallagher, Patsy Sheppard and Gallagher, and Donovan and Arthur Mullen in the wind-up.

THE eleven hundred dollars put with Bogardus' challenge some time ago not having been covered, either in whole or in part, and the time it was left open having expired, the doughty captain called at the *Clipper* office Dec. 1 and withdrew the amount, leaving in its place a letter in which he offers the same odds to glass-ball shooters as was presented in his former challenge.

"FRENCH" JOHNSON has, it appears, not made up his mind to go to England just yet, after all, the preparations recently made by him as is for a voyage having been for a journey to Florida, where he has been engaged to appear in a regatta to take place at Jacksonville, and where he will exhibit his style of shell propulsion and at the same time give the managers the benefit of his experience in regatta matters.

THE best game yet played by the eastern clubs in San Francisco, Cal., was the one at the Recreation Grounds on Nov. 22. Up to the last half of the ninth inning it was impossible to name the winner, so sharp was the fielding on both sides, no one getting as far as the third base, and but two reaching the second. The decided feature was the catching of Williamson. Force at short, fielded magnificently, some of his stops being exceedingly difficult. Reilly, the substitute, covered first base in good form.

A CABLEGRAM says that Rowell has decided that the next contest for the Astley belt shall take place in London. If this is true, it is not likely that he will start, knowing that there is no longer any money worth speaking of to be made in a six-day wobble there, and preferring, as in June last, to reserve his powers for a future attack on the pockets of the more liberal New Yorkers. For the same reason, it is not probable that either O'Leary or Panchot will go to England to have another try for the belt.

THE College Club Football Championship contests for the season of 1879 ended on Thanksgiving day, and the closing match was the most eventful one known in the history of football in America, for it was not only made specially noteworthy by the vast assembly of spectators present on the occasion—the largest gathering of people seen at any ball match at Hoboken, N.J., since the day the *Clipper* Silver-ball Match at base ball in 1860—but it proved to be the most exciting contest at the game ever played for the championship of the colleges.

GIBBY'S RINK, at Rahway, N. J., will be opened Dec. 6, when the following games, open to amateurs, will be given under the direction of Jack Goulding: One-hour walk, five-mile run and one-mile run (for boys between 13 and 16 years old). Gold and silver medals will reward the winners. Entries are free, and can be made to Mr. Gibby at the rink, on or before the day of the contest. The proprietor has spacious grounds adjoining, and intends building a track and laying out a base ball ground next spring. It is said that the plot will admit of a third of a mile track being built.

THE following in the London *Sportsman*, of Nov. 15, has been received from the regular correspondent of that journal at Toronto: "Edward Hanlan has received your formal demand for the return to England of the Championship Challenge Cup, based on my telegram of Oct. 23, stating that he would not again visit England to contest. He now authorizes me to say that he will defend his title to the championship and the trophy whenever challenged by the sculler who proves himself to be the best in England. This, he contends, is only in accordance with the conditions regulating the races for the cup."

THE teams of Yale and Harvard freshmen played their second game of foot-ball at Boston, Mass., Nov. 29. The game was played on the Boston Base Ball Grounds, which had been soaked with rain in the forenoon, and were consequently in bad condition, and the brisk, cold wind which sprang up when the rain ceased falling made the fair-sized assemblage of spectators, mostly undergraduates, very uncomfortable; but so interested were they in the contest that little attention was paid to the weather. The first forty-five minutes yielded a goal and three touch-downs for Yale, and nothing for the crimson, and this was the score when the second half was finished, the Yales having cried content and acted entirely on the defensive. The opposing teams subsequently dined together at Young's. Umpires, W. J. Badger for Yale, W. H. Manning for Harvard. Referee, Walter Camp of Yale.

THE members of the Astoria (L. I.) Club held games on the Ravenswood grounds Nov. 27. The programme was not unusually long, but tardiness characterized the management, and, consequently, more than seven hours were consumed in getting to the bottom of the list. The weather when they commenced portended rain; but it brightened up later on, and a very pleasant time was enjoyed. The results were: 220yds. hurdle handicap—S. H. Cornell (20yds. start), won in 31s. One-mile walk—G. J. P. Chambers 15s.; time, 8m. 25s. 200yds. run—R. Chille, Jr., 12yds.; time, 28½s. Tug-of-war, club teams of four men each—S. H. Cornell; P. W. Lancashire, W. Gillies and L. Freeman. Tug-of-war, heavy-weights—Central A. C. beat Scottish-American A. C. Tug-of-war, light-weights—Entre Nous A. C. Three-mile walk—G. J. P. Chambers 20s.; 25m. 20½s. Quarter-mile run—T. E. Lucas 25yds.; 55½s. Throwing 12lb hammer—George R. Payne 10ft.; 75ft. 10in. One-mile run—W. Bailey 55yds.; 4m. 53s. One hour go as you please, club—T. W. Lancashire, 81½m.

The pedestrians of California have organized for mutual benefit and protection an association known as

the Pacific Coast Pedestrian League, and at a meeting held Nov. 23 the following officers were elected: President, C. S. Matteson; Vice President, Jerome Stewart; Secretary, A. R. Reid; Treasurer, Peter McIntyre. Mark Thal was appointed manager, at a salary of \$100 per week, to give bonds in the sum of \$5,000. The first tournament under the auspices of the League will be a six days' contest, to be held at the Mechanics' Pavillion, commencing Dec. 29. This tournament will be arranged by the pedestrians themselves, and all competitors will have an equal voice in the management. The contest is open to all except notoriously immoral characters. An entrance fee of \$100 will be charged, and no man will be permitted to start unless he can produce, at the request of the referee, the treasurer's receipt in full for his entrance money. Twenty-five per cent of the entrance fee must be paid at the time of making the entry. The prizes will be: First, twenty-five per cent of the net proceeds and an elegant gold stop-watch, with hunting case, inlaid with California minerals; second, fifteen per cent; third, six and two-thirds per cent; fourth, three and one third per cent. The remaining fifty per cent will be divided between all of the contestants covering 300 miles or more in proportion to the number of miles covered.

A MEETING between Edwin Bibby and Andre Christol and their backers was held at the *Clipper* office on Friday afternoon, Nov. 28, and without much useless palaver articles of agreement were signed by them for a match at Gracco-Roman wrestling—no mixed business this time, which attests the confidence felt by the compactly-built, lithe and muscular Briton and the astute gentleman who provides the sinews of war for him. The gist of the agreement entered into is that the men shall wrestle for one hundred and fifty dollars a side, at Madison Square Garden, this city, on Thursday evening, Dec. 4, the contest to be decided in favor of the man winning two falls, and he to take the stakes and three-fourths of the gate-money after expenses shall have been deducted, and the other portion going to the loser. The men are to continue wrestling until a fall is obtained, and there is to be fifteen minutes between bouts for rest. Efforts are being made to secure as referee a gentleman who has a practical knowledge of Gracco-Roman wrestling, under stands the rules, and is unknown to both principals and their backers. He has been communicated with upon the subject, but his answer has not been received. In case he should decline to act in that capacity, then the men, or their authorized representatives, are to meet and mutually agree upon some person to fill the position at 1 p. m., Dec. 3. All the money was paid to the *Clipper* at the time of the signing, Christol having \$100 up already, and the balance due from the latter will no doubt be deposited in time. The men have been undergoing preparation, and a better contest than before may be expected.

THE six days' (fourteen hours per day) tournament in which the foreign bicyclists—Keen, Cann, Stanton and Terront—were pitted against George and Thomas Harrison, Daniel Belard, H. Meyer, J. Nolan, G. A. Adams and William Rutland, representing America, commenced at the Exposition Building, Chicago, at 10 a. m. on Monday, Nov. 24, and closed at 11 p. m. on the 29th. The Americans were allowed 100 miles each, and the contest was to be decided in favor of that side, the combined scores of whose two most successful riders should exceed that of the two best on the other side. The individual scores in miles at the close of the first fourteen hours' work (the 100 miles allowance included) were: Stanton, 174; Cann, 170; Meyer, 165; Belard, 156; G. Harrison, 152; Rutland, 128; Terront, 123; T. Harrison, 108; Keen, 93; Nolan, 70; Adams, 47. After this day, Keen, T. Harrison, Terront and Adams practically retired from the races. At the close of the second fourteen hours the scores were: Belard, 400; G. Harrison, 370; Meyer, 350; Rutland, 347; Stanton, 315; Cann, 313; Nolan, 263; T. Harrison, 203; Terront, 150; Adams, 147; Keen, 109. Meyer withdrew after doing half-a-dozen miles more on the third day, the scores at the end of the forty-second hour being: Belard, 511; G. Harrison, 500; Rutland, 461; Cann, 451; Stanton, 436; Meyer, 356; Nolan, 291; T. Harrison, 214; Terront, 222; Keen, 109. On the afternoon and evening of Thanksgiving day the attendance was large. Belard met with a severe accident at night, his foot missing the treadle and he coming to the floor heavily on his head. He was picked up insensible and carried to the dressing-room, and, though badly bruised and shaken up, the attentions of Tom Keen enabled him to come back in a short time and make a few more circuits. The score at the end of the fifty-sixth hour stood: G. Harrison, 610; Belard, 606; Cann, 590; Rutland, 566; Stanton, 562; Terront, 279; Keen, 196. The Englishmen quit at 11 p. m. Nothing eventful occurred on the following day, the foreigners continuing to gain, and the figures at the close of the seventeenth hour being: G. Harrison, 729; Cann, 703; Rutland, 677; Stanton, 670; Belard, 633. This left the Americans thirty-three miles in the van. The final score was: English—Cann, 855; Stanton, 810; total, 1,665. Americans—G. H. Harrison, 858; Rutland, 810; total, 1,658. The Englishmen, therefore, won by seven miles. After their retirement John Keen and Charles Terront gave exhibitions of fast riding each day, as also did H. Etherington, who brought the team across the Atlantic.

ADVERTISING.

A FEW advertisements will be inserted on this page at 50c. per line, net, payable in advance, for each and every insertion. No electrolytes or advertisements of a questionable character accepted.

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ELECTRIC Belts, Sure Cure for Premature Debility; the only reliable. Send for Circular. Dr. P. KARR, 832 Broadway, New York.

ALLEN'S Brain Food.—A positive remedy for Nervous Debility, and Weakness of Genital Organs. \$1. All Drugists. Depot, Allen's Pharmacy 315 1st Ave., N. Y.

DISEASES of the sexual organs, recent or chronic, cured without medicines. Use Allen's Soluble Medicated Bougies, patented October, 1876. Send to J. C. Allen Co., P. O. box 1,533, or 83 John street, New York, for circular.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

MAN'S MISSION on Earth.—A Popular Medical Treatise, clearly explaining the hidden causes which sap vitality and shorten the duration of life, with hints for the removal of the same, showing how overtaxed powers may be fully restored and obstacles to marriage overcome. By mail, 25 cents, currency or postage stamps. Address SECRETARY, Museum of Anatomy, Science and Art, 489 6th Avenue, New York City.

DOCUTA Capsules.—Safe and reliable cure for Kidney Complaints, and Diseases of the Urinary Organs. The word DOCUTA is on every box. Price per box, with full directions, Capsules (small size) 75 cents, Capsules (large size) \$1.50. At all Drug Stores. Mailed on receipt of price by DUNDAS DRUG CO., 35 Wooster Street, New York. Circulars free.

AMUSEMENTS.

CREMORNE GARDENS, 104, 106 and 108 West 32d Street, near 6th Avenue.—The most exquisite and sumptuously arranged establishment of the kind in the city. All that art can lavish or skill display, embodied with music of the newest and the best, and FIFTY BEAUTIFUL LADY CASHIERS, selected from the elite of Europe and America, are the attractions every evening. All languages spoken. No extortion in prices. FREE ADMISSION.

HARRY HILL'S Gentlemen's Sporting Theatre, Billiard Parlors and Shooting Gallery with Bull Baiting and Restaurant attached, No. 22, 24, 26, 30 and 32 Houston Street, and 147, 149 and 151 Crosby Street, N. Y. Open all the year round. Grand Sparring Match by first-class professionals, Male and Female, several times nightly. Great novelty entertainment on the stage, hitting the passing events of the hour and the topics of the men of day. Grand Sacred Concert every Sunday night. Entire change and new faces every week.

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\$10 TO \$1,000 invested in Wall Street Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & Co. Bankers 7 Wall Street, New York.

A GOOD PLAN.—Combining and operating many orders in one vast sum has every advantage of capital, with skillful management. Large profits divided pro rata on investments of \$25 to \$10,000. Circular, with full explanations how all can succeed in stock dealings, mailed free. LAWRENCE & Co., 55 Exchange Place, New York.

THE Next President.—The politicians are anxious on this subject, but a much more important thing for all who have poor appetite, or impaired digestion, or skin diseases, or an enfeebled constitution generally, is to know that Warner's Safe Bitters will cure them. \$1.00 will be paid to any one who will prove that there is a better medicine of its kind.

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UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION. OVER HALF A MILLION DISTRIBUTED.

Louisiana State Lottery Company. This Institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes, in 1868, for the term of TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, to which contract the inviolable faith of the State is pledged, with a capital of \$1,000,000, to which it has since added a reserve fund of \$500,000. Its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER Drawings will take place monthly. It never scales or pads prizes. Look at the following Distribution:

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT, during which will take place the 115th GRAND MONTHLY

Extraordinary Semi-Annual Drawing.

At New Orleans, Tuesday, December 16th, 1879. Under the personal supervision and management of Gen. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of Louisiana, and Gen. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Virginia.

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$100,000. Notice—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, \$5. Fifths, \$2. Tenths, \$1.

LIST OF PRIZES.	
1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF \$100,000	\$100,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF 10,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF 20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF 10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF 5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF 1,000	20,000
50 " 500	25,000
100 " 300	30,000
200 " 200	40,000
400 " 100	60,000
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100 Approximation Prizes of \$200	\$20,000
100 " " 100	10,000
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11,279 Prizes, amounting to \$522,500

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Application for rates to clubs should only be made to the office of the Company in New Orleans. Write for circulars or send orders to M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La., or Same Person at No. 319 Broadway, New York.

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\$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLT & Co., Portland, Maine.

SCARCE Books and Rare Photos. Sample Oc. Catalogue, 3. Victor Renis & Co., Chicago, Ill.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUX & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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MOONEY & BOLAND, Detective Agency, 162 Broadway, New York (rooms 6, 7, 8, 9). On account of the general revival of business and the consequent greater opportunities offered for the perpetration of frauds on the public, we desire to call their attention to this old-established detective agency with its unequalled facilities for the prevention of crime and the detection of criminals. Confidential investigations made either personally or through correspondents in this or any other part of the world; habits, associations and other information regarding employees or other persons accurately and secretly ascertained; terms moderate; all business strictly confidential. State you saw this advertisement in the Police Gazette.

FROM Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D.—June 19th, 1879, the Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., of Washington, D. C., certified as follows: "I have known of several persons who regard themselves as greatly benefited and some of them as permanently cured of diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs by the medicine prepared by Charles Craig, of Charlotte, N. Y. I have known, too, of its use in similar cases by physicians of the highest character and standing. I do not doubt that it has great virtue." In a previous communication to the *Police Gazette*, Dr. Rankin referred at length to the beneficial treatment of a case in his own family, pronounced Bright's Disease by six physicians, with the safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and said: "This treatment I want, in the interest of humanity, to describe and commend."



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